

The BULLETIN

OF THE
MASSACHUSETTS AUDUBON SOCIETY



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JUNE, 1952

Number 6

MASSACHUSETTS AUDUBON SOCIETY

FOUNDED 1896 INCORPORATED 1914

FOR THE PROTECTION OF WILD BIRDS AND MAMMALS

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BULLETIN

OF THE

MASSACHUSETTS AUDUBON SOCIETY

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The Editor solicits the gift of articles, notes, photographs, and sketches, on the various aspects of Nature Lore, Natural Science, and Conservation of Natural Resources. If possible, articles should be typewritten, double-spaced, on one side of the paper. Photographs should be on glossy paper with data attached. The Society is a non-profit educational institution and we offer no remuneration for contributions to the *Bulletin*. The Society assumes no responsibility for the safety of manuscripts or illustrations submitted for its use.

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Cover Illustration, OSPREY AND NEST, S. A. Grimes.

The President's Page



This seems an appropriate place to express my deep personal pleasure at the vote of the Board of Directors at their April Meeting, not to change the name of our monthly publication from *The BULLETIN of the Massachusetts Audubon Society* to any of the names suggested.

This is not because some of the names suggested were not appropriate, but during the many years in which the *Bulletin* has been conducted it has maintained a very creditable reputation for simplicity. It records interesting facts in simple language and does not attempt to compete with those Nature Magazines which have "Peter Rabbit Stories" for the very young or "Purple Patches" of supposedly magnificent prose for those so inclined.

It was argued in favor of a change of name that the length of our present title was a hindrance in obtaining advertisements. In my opinion, this is not the case. Advertising consultants agree that the shortness or length of a title has nothing to do with the matter. They pick an advertising medium solely from the statistics of circulation and the observed character of its subscribers. Thus the Programs of the Boston Symphony Concerts are patronized not only by advertisers for other musical series and teachers of voice or violin or piano, but also by banks and investment counsel who appreciate the list of subscribers. Nor has *The Bulletin of the Harvard Alumni Association* any difficulty in obtaining advertisers.

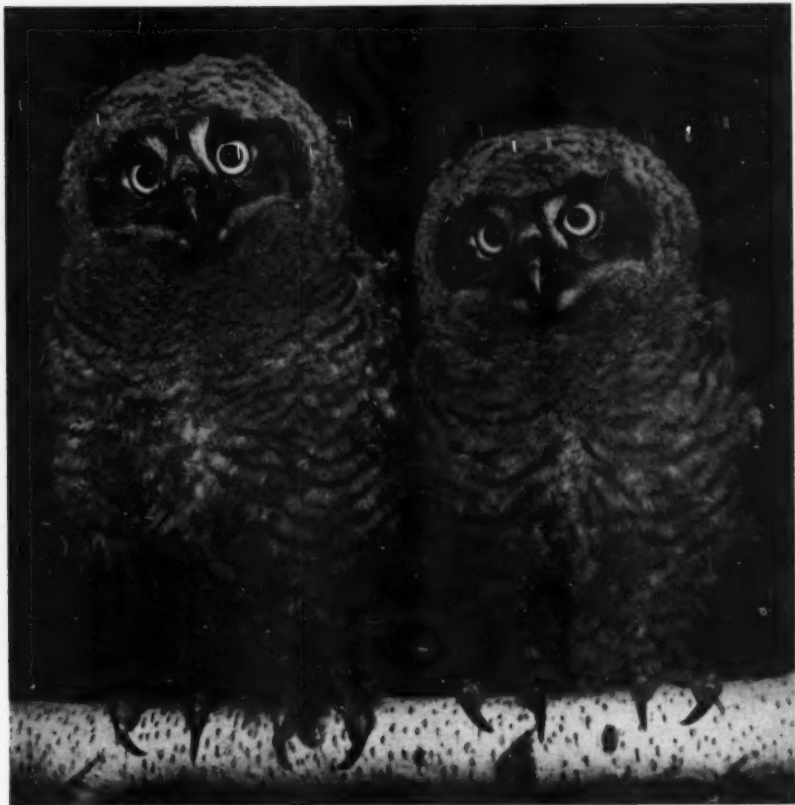
The 350 names proposed by our members indicates great interest in the *Bulletin* and the contest. The Committee, headed by Roger Ernst, of Brookline, considered very carefully the names suggested and felt that "The Audubonian" was the best name received. This name was submitted by three people — Francis H. Allen, a Director of the Society for many years, who felt that he should not be a contestant; Mrs. Helen B. Foster, of Rowley; and Miss Mary W. Killam, of Merchantville, New Jersey. Mrs. Foster and Miss Killam will therefore be awarded *Audubon's Animals*.

I believe that in its present form *The BULLETIN of the Massachusetts Audubon Society* is highly satisfactory to our members, and that its Board of Editors is to be much congratulated.

Robert Lowell

Arcadia's Great Horned Owl Family

By LEROY C. STEGEMAN



HAL H. HARRISON

Young Great Horned Owls taken from the Nest.

A long ridge runs through the southern part of Arcadia Sanctuary south of and paralleling the Mill River. This river expands to form the Arcadia Marsh before it flows into the Oxbow of the Connecticut River to the east of the Sanctuary. The ridge is covered with a mixed hardwood-conifer stand, and south of the cover are open meadows, farm lands, and the headquarters buildings of Arcadia.

The Great Horned Owl's nest was located in a white pine stand near an old coach road which runs from the headquarters to the northwest along the high ground south of Mill River. From this location many birds and mammals found on farm lands, low waste areas, wooded lands, and water areas were within easy hunting distance. The nest itself was about thirty feet above the ground in a pine tree about fifty feet tall. It was largely composed of twigs of various sizes and had no soft lining; instead, it was merely a rough plat-

form about twenty inches across, built between the limbs close to the main trunk of the tree.

As we approached this particular tree to examine the owl pellets underneath it, one of the adult owls flew off quietly and disappeared into the mixed stand of hardwoods and conifers at a little distance. Armed with a pair of pliers, two Size 8 bird bands, and a camera, Arthur Pelletier and Peter Couture climbed to the nest while John Rodda and I awaited developments on the ground and kept a lookout for the old bird, which we thought would return. We could hear Crows making a fuss in the direction the owl had gone and decided it probably had other things to think about. As the climbers neared the nest, the young began snapping their beaks; the sound could be heard for a considerable distance.

When the young could be seen, there were two of them along the farther side of the nest sitting well back on their tails and with their down and pin feathers spread out to make them look as large and threatening as possible. Their talons gripped the nest material to keep them from going over backwards. One owlet was considerably larger than the other, which is characteristic of this species. On the opposite side of the nest from the owlets was the remains of a Cottontail Rabbit.

The beak snapping was continuous, and the young birds were not at all friendly. It took some courage to reach out for them, even with leather gloves on one's hands. After taking a few snapshots of them, they were picked up one at a time and banded. Their defense proved to be more bluff than fight, because they were still too young to handle themselves very well.

All pellets under the nest tree and the trees near by were picked up and examined carefully to determine what food items they contained. They included the remains of one sparrow (House?), two Starlings, one Pheasant, eight Norway Rats, fourteen Meadow Mice, one Gray Squirrel, and one Cottontail Rabbit. The large number of Norway Rats was a surprise to us at first, but it is probably explained by the presence of a public dump about half a mile northeast of the Sanctuary.

Twenty-six of the thirty specimens included are rodents, all but four of which are considered injurious to man's interests (and farmers would probably so rate the rabbit also); only one of the four birds taken is a game species. Careful consideration of the above list of food species for owls would seem to prove the positive value of the Great Horned Owl in this locality. In addition to its beneficial feeding habits, its presence about the Sanctuary greatly increases the attractiveness and also the educational value of the Sanctuary. Many people would visit the area if they thought they could find such interesting birds, or even their nest and pellets. I consider them a very valuable part of the bird fauna of Arcadia Wildlife Sanctuary.

CAPE CAMPOUT — SEPTEMBER 5-7

The Annual Cape Campout conducted by the Massachusetts Audubon Society has been scheduled for the week end of September 5-7, 1952. Watch for detailed notice in the *August Newsletter*. The usual field trip to Essex County in August will be omitted.

New Plants for Wildlife

BY FRANK C. EDMINSTER, *Regional Biologist*

U. S. Soil Conservation Service



F. C. EDMINSTER

Demonstration Planting at Arcadia Sanctuary.

But it is reasonably certain that his first big jump toward civilization came when he domesticated the first food plant. The beginning of agriculture was the promise of security, of control over his environment, and of increased human populations. Just think, the area that is now the United States supported a mere quarter of a million half-civilized humans less than five hundred years ago. Today it supports more than one hundred fifty million people — a six hundredfold increase — and just seven plants furnish some eighty per cent of the food for that multitude. It is very significant, too, that only one of these plants, corn, was native to North America. The others were all imported from the Old World.

Just what does all this have to do with wildlife? Simply this: if we want more of any kinds of wild animals, we must provide them with the conditions that will grow them. A large part of this requirement is food — and that means plants. Not just any kind of plants will do, as will be evident from a study of almost any natural area you may choose. Your nearest woods is loaded with plants, if it is not overgrazed by livestock. But how much food does it furnish for rabbits or Quail or Bluebirds? And how about its shelter for protection against weather and predators? That is a question of the right plants in the right place, too.

The Soil Conservation Service has had a double reason for being concerned about this plant problem. In the first place, we need plants to control soil erosion and to conserve water. The best plants in the world will be none too good, and so we have searched widely for them. At the same time we want these plants to serve man with as much utility as possible. In many situations where the land cannot properly be used for growing tilled crops or livestock forage, the utility of the plants used may best be the production of useful wildlife. Such situations include streambanks, field borders next to woods, hedgerows, windbreaks, and odd areas too wet or steep or eroded for more intensive use.

Very little was known fifteen or twenty years ago concerning plants that could best be used on farms or estates for these plantings. Some kinds of

The story of man's civilization is to a surprising degree linked with his use of plants. And the story of modern wildlife management is a similar one; the farther we go into the science of encouraging and producing useful wildlife, the more we find it to be a problem of caring for plants.

It may well be that primitive man's first rise above day-to-day hunting for food was his learning to store food at times of abundance for later use during days of scarcity.



F. E. BRADLEY

Arcadia Wildlife Sanctuary, Northampton, Mass.

shrubbery could be grown around the home to attract birds and grain patches could be used to produce more game, but the problem of fitting the widespread production of more wildlife into our farming system was not materially solved. We know a little more about it today, but I venture to say that by the standards that will prevail in 1977, the program in 1952 is poor indeed. We are almost sure to progress a great deal in the next quarter of a century, continuing the good start already made.

Part of our progress has been made by trial and error, but more and more of it is being made by planned experiment station methods. Plants from any part of the world that appear to have any likely usefulness are brought into our plant nurseries and reproduced until we have enough for field testing. Two examples from Massachusetts sources will illustrate. Several years ago Edwin A. Mason, Director of Arcadia Wildlife Sanctuary, suggested that common seabuckthorn, *Hippophae rhamnoides*, might be useful in plantings to hold shore banks along salt water. Seed of the plant was obtained, seedlings grown in the nursery, and we have now just begun field tests with it. Recently, Dr. A. B. Beaumont, our State Soil Conservationist at Amherst, called my attention to an Australian species of woody veronica used on that continent for seashore control. We have set the wheels in motion to get plants of it to try along our coasts. One cannot predict where or how we shall find the plants that will do for wildlife what corn and wheat have done for man, and so we search for and try any likely kinds.

Some of the plants we test fail in the nursery. Those that are grown successfully in the nursery into acceptable planting stock are sent to field stations throughout the Northeast for initial field trials. These stations are on public

lands operated by State wildlife agencies, agricultural experiment stations, and others. In Massachusetts there are several series of plots on lands owned by the State Conservation Department and another on Arcadia Wildlife Sanctuary of the Massachusetts Audubon Society at Northampton. The observations and evaluations of the work are made co-operatively by the resident agency and the Soil Conservation Service.

It frequently takes five to ten years of work on many plots over a wide geographic area before a plant can be "sized up." When one looks really promising after all these initial field tests, it is regrown in the nursery in larger quantities for extended trials on properties of selected conservation farmers throughout the Northeast. After hundreds of these trials have been checked for some years, we are in a position to decide whether the plant is going to be useful in the conservation program or not. If we get one useful plant out of a hundred kinds tried we shall be doing very well.

We have fared pretty well so far. We have the shrub lespedeza, particularly the Natchez variety of bicolor lespedeza, which produces good food for Quail and Pheasants in its seeds and for rabbits and deer in its browse. There is still much development needed to get fully satisfactory lespedezas for northern use, but we are well on the way. Then we have multiflora rose, which has been so widely accepted for use as a living fence. Not only does it make superior shelter for birds and other wildlife out across open fields where it is most needed, but the fruits are good winter food for Pheasants and some songbirds. The most recent addition to our planting recommendations is autumn olive, a tall, heavy-fruited shrub with the scientific name *Elaeagnus umbellata*. It has proved to be an excellent food for both the Ruffed Grouse and the Pheasant, and also for many songbirds. These plants can be used effectively in home grounds plantings as well as in the various conservation practices on farms.

Other plants that are not yet widely used have shown promise, such as floribunda crabapple and switchgrass. These may be seen at the Arcadia Sanctuary either in plots or in the demonstration hedge along with dozens of other plants being tested. You'll find many strange names there — amorphas, cherry elaeagnus, Nanking (or Manchu) cherry, rockspray cotoneaster, fragrant sumac, Canada tickclover, and so on. It's a fascinating subject, and with better plants we shall have more of the valuable kinds of wildlife that help so much to make life more enjoyable to us.

Notes From Santa Barbara, California

By DOROTHY D. FORDYCE

Right now a gorgeous California Purple Finch is ducking himself in the bird bath. The horizontal rays of the setting sun pierce the shower of spray he throws over himself so that I see his rosy being through a sparkle of rainbow mist. The sound of the water as he disturbs it is like faery laughter. Small waves spill over the edge and drip onto the ferns below. The luminous green of overhanging foliage and the delicacy of the camellias gracing the recess where the bird bath sits needs for utter perfection of artistry only one more touch — and it happens — a burst of heavenly song. It is all over in a moment, the magic and the bird are gone. But he flies only to the feeding trays, where he joins a host of friends and relatives having supper in the patio.

Birding in my patio garden is a most de luxe inactivity. I have only to

stretch out on the chaise longue in the sun or shade to be entertained for hours by the comings and goings of a throng of birds. Just below me, over the tips of the flowering cherry trees and my little orange grove, is the green valley of the famous Santa Barbara Bird Sanctuary. An estuary of the sea curves in and around it. Just beyond lies the Pacific, pink and gold tonight in the sunset. The Channel Islands are pencilled in a purple line along the horizon. I am terribly mixed up, for this is February and all the sights and sounds and fragrance of the air tell me it is June! Butterflies have been twinkling in nuptial pursuits all afternoon. I've been watching an Anna's Hummingbird dip and swing in the deep arc of his courtship ecstasies. I could hear the shrill note he gives at the low curve of the arc. He is the largest and the common breeding hummer, displaying his crimson throat in every garden. Five other species may be seen in this region at various seasons and locations: the Black-chinned Hummingbird, with the violet shimmer at his throat; the Rufous, which is only a migrant in California, is seen about Santa Barbara gardens in spring — en route to British Columbia or Alaska perhaps — his fall passage is through mountain areas; the little Costa of the arid places is a gem with his exquisite, flowing, amethyst gorget; Allen's Hummer, so similar to the Rufous, is seen in winter on some of the Channel Islands. But the tiny Calliope takes the prize. Of all these "spangled coquettes" I should like most to see this mountain-dwelling species up among the Alpine flowers and heather flashing the lilac shafts of his streaming gorget and his hot, hot little temper.

The cheeriest greeting to Southern California in my patio came right at the start, when a whole troupe of pixie strangers descended in a chattering crowd on the bird bath. They swarmed into it all together, throwing the spray around, playing leapfrog with each other, exploding into the surrounding trees and back into the bath. My presence mattered not at all. In fact I burst right out laughing, the merriment was so contagious, and begged them all to come back the next day — which they did, and every day at exactly the same hour all the fall. These were the wee Bush Tits, slate gray with long tails and merry eyes. They build the pendent nests with a side door and have as many children as Old Mother Hubbard. After the breeding season they travel in bands of thirty or more, and their presence makes everything sedate seem foolish.

When the first of the White-crowned Sparrows arrived in the patio last fall I ran out crying, "Hello, hello!" Here were friends I'd known in my New England garden. Then I learned that these were Gambel's and Nuttall's Sparrows, subspecies of the White-crowned which is much more rarely seen in migration in this area. For a while the patio garden teemed with such variety and numbers of fall migrants coming down from the mountains, over from the islands, and down the coast that my Peterson's *Field Guide to Western Birds* was worked to death. It was then that I joined the Santa Barbara Museum of Natural History. The weekly bird walks and lectures seemed designed to meet the needs of the neophyte. Under the expert and patient direction of Mr. Rett, Curator of Ornithology and Mammalogy, these meetings were always most instructive and valuable.

My winter-feeding birds settled down to a host of Gambel's, Nuttall's, Golden-crowned, and Song Sparrows; equal numbers of Purple and House Finches; Audubon's (Myrtle) Warblers; Brown and Spotted Towhees (the latter much like our eastern bird); Oregon Juncos; California Thrashers with long curved bills; Mockingbirds; Plain (Crested) Titmice and Wren Tits;

and the ever-present California Jays; nuthatches, wrens, Yellow-throats, Common and Green-backed Goldfinches. Anna's Hummers drifted about. In the pasture, coveys of California Quail scurried through the underbrush as though trying to catch up with their forward-curving head plumes. How adorable the babies are! The Mountain Bluebird is there now, all gentian blue, and should have a song to match his beauty but at this season has none. A pair of Road-runners inhabits the pasture hillside, seeming to belong to the remote reptilian past. And I always look for the trim little Black Phoebe of the coast and the dusky Say's Phoebe, whose sad, plaintive call from the fence rail tells of the lonely desert and canyons which are its breeding home. All winter the patio has been gay with fragments of song except on the cold rainy days that come now and then. Now that spring is here, there are so many new, unfamiliar, and beautiful melodies. I have a very attentive Mockingbird which is teaching them to me!

In the early morning I often run down to the bird sanctuary, for it is then that the many waterfowl, egrets, soaring pelicans, and graceful shore birds can be most quietly enjoyed. I cannot take my eyes off the stately Western Grebe. Every turn of his erect head seems noble and serene. Skeins of ducks and geese lace the sky, and for a while I have that wonderful feeling of being alone with wilderness beauty. The concentration of wintering birds here is remarkable as I turn the living pages of my book.

Last Sunday the prize of the day was a soaring California Condor. The White-tailed Kites, which reached a low mark a few years ago, are making a comeback under more favorable conditions. On most walks we see one or more perched in the top of a live oak or hovering above the grasses like huge, soft, pale moths. In the interior valleys Sandhill Cranes are seen on rare occasions.

The Santa Barbara Museum of Natural History is a gem of Spanish architecture, the offices and exhibition halls opening into a shaded circular court of Old World charm. The land behind drops away into a lovely wooded ravine with a natural incline providing an amphitheater for our outdoor meetings. Sometimes during the fall migrations we didn't have to go anywhere for a good morning's list. We just sat there and counted while the skilled Mr. Rett explained and interpreted identification points and repeated the bird songs about us. On the museum grounds last fall he collected the first Painted Redstart for the State. The friendly staff seems ever active in the field with groups of members and is certainly co-operative. Once when I could not attend a session Mr. Rett gave me some of the songs over the telephone!

I was at once impressed by the artistry and freshness of the mounted specimens in the bird hall and the habitat groups of animals, fish, and insects of local and regional interest. Then there are the beautiful shell collections and the historically interesting Indian exhibits. There is a continuous botanical display of wildflowers and other current-blooming flora. The large lecture hall is filled to capacity for the Sunday afternoon lectures of scientific and geographic interest. The community gives excellent support to its museum.

Santa Barbara is an ornithologist's delight, for such great numbers and varieties of land and shore birds may be seen so accessibly. In fact, about four hundred of the five hundred species of California birds frequent this area. An eastern observer coming out here should certainly read William L. Dawson's *The Birds of California*. It is exact science and superb writing. I also recommend the climate. Very little of it is not perfection.

Berkshire Hawk Flight in March

BY GLADYS H. SCHUMACHER



HUGO H. SCHRODER

Turkey Vulture Silhouette

so that they passed below our vantage point, which was very nice; they were both in the beautiful light phase of their plumage.

	MARCH 29	30		MARCH 29	30
Goshawk	-	1	Marsh Hawk	-	5
Cooper's Hawk	2	-	Osprey	2	1
Red-tailed Hawk	-	2	Duck Hawk	-	2
Red-shouldered Hawk	-	1	Turkey Vulture	19	29
Sparrow Hawk	1	2	Black Vulture	1	1
Rough-legged Hawk	2	-	Undetermined	1	3

The vulture story is quite an exciting one and nothing short of phenomenal for Berkshire County. On Saturday we were counting the hawks coming up by us when we discovered that eight or ten large birds were visible along the misty ridge just south of the Massachusetts-Connecticut boundary. We turned our Bausch & Lomb scope on them and discovered that there were nineteen in all, circling in dihedral fashion, and we could hardly believe that we were seeing so many Turkey Vultures at once, but such the birds were. One other, which was more by itself, had a shorter tail and a little different outline, and we felt sure that this was a Black Vulture. The group finally crossed the ravine and circled out of sight over the nearer ridge on the Massachusetts side. This was at 5.05 P. M.

On Sunday we returned to the same spot, hardly daring to hope that such a thing could happen twice in succession. We were early, about four o'clock, and not much was doing, so we decided to drive down to Salisbury, Connecticut, and on into New York State if we had time. However, when we reached the State line we observed several vultures circling over Sage's Ravine, and we stopped to watch them. Two were Turkey Vultures and the third was definitely a Black Vulture, for Ruth saw plainly with the scope the whitish marking of the wings. This vulture landed in a tree on the

Although late March is a little early to expect the peak of the spring hawk migration, Berkshire County has had a record number of individuals and species this year. My sister Ruth and I personally counted seventy-eight individuals of eleven species (including vultures) on Saturday and Sunday, March 29-30, 1952. Most of this count was made in about fifteen minutes, around five o'clock in the afternoon, from Kelsey Road in Sheffield, where one gets a very good view of the valley and the Mt. Everett ridge into Connecticut.

Here is a resumé of our count for that week end. The Duck Hawks are the resident pair at Monument Mountain. The Rough-legged Hawks came up the valley and dropped very low

ridge called Mt. Race, and we are entertaining the hope that it may be nesting up there. We waited for some time, but that vulture did not get up again so that I could look at it through the scope, and we went on to Salisbury. We had lost so much time that we turned right back in order to get to Kelsey Road in time for the five o'clock movement, if there was to be one. We were not a quarter of a mile north of the State line when we spotted a large flock of birds circling almost directly over the highway (Route 41) ahead of us. We pulled over and got out, scope and all, and, sure enough, they were Turkey Vultures, twenty-seven in all. What a beautiful display they put on for us, circling lazily for many minutes and coming so close, directly over our heads, that we could see the two-tone pattern of flight feathers and under coverts without the aid of glasses of any sort. Then they gained altitude and drifted over the ridge, just as on the evening before. I think we must have watched them for half an hour or more. And now I could really believe what I thought I had seen on Saturday! There were six of us observing them, a friend we had brought along and three people who came along in a New York car while we were looking and stopped. They proved to be ardent Hawk Mountain fans and so were very much interested.

On Saturday, April 5, it rained hard all day, but that did not bother the vultures apparently. We were a little late getting to the State line and the clouds were hanging low over the mountains, so that we saw only four Turkey Vultures. On Sunday, April 6, it was showering a little off and on, but we arrived at the State line about 4:30 and for three quarters of an hour watched a perfectly marvelous display. First, two vultures wheeled up into the sky from somewhere below the ridge of Mt. Race. Soon there were eight; and we noticed that the group would be joined by one or two additional birds each time they swooped back toward the ridge, until there were about twelve or fourteen in the group. Then we noticed that another flock had been building up, apparently in the same way, just a little to the south, and the two groups merged to make a total of twenty-two. We watched them for some time, fascinated. Gradually some of them settled lower and lower until they finally perched in a dead tree halfway down Sage's Ravine. We counted a total of fourteen in that one dead tree. They looked ridiculous. Four others perched in another dead tree on the estate in front of which we were parked. As this tree was quite close to the highway we walked in a little way and got within a hundred feet of the vultures. Two Crows sitting in the same tree were dwarfed. What a size comparison! At 5:15 all had settled down for the night somewhere along the ridge.

These high counts are record ones for Berkshire County, the largest number of individuals seen at once in the past being eight. One wonders how long this interesting concentration has been going on, since it is doubtful whether any observers have ever been in that special area at that particular time of day previous to our lucky visits.

Next Bulletin in October

We remind our members that with the June issue of the *Bulletin* publication is discontinued until October. An announcement of coming events will, however, be mailed to all members in an August *Newsletter*.

New Name Adopted for Sanctuary

The sanctuary properties of the Massachusetts Audubon Society, like Topsy, have "jest growed," and, like Topsy, they have answered to different names at different times. Our Sanctuary Committee felt that our newest and largest wildlife reservation should bear a distinctive and descriptive title, and the Board of Directors has ratified the recommendation of the Committee that this property be known officially as "*Ipswich River Wildlife Sanctuary and Annie H. Brown Reservation*." Of course this will be shortened colloquially to "Ipswich River Sanctuary," or just plain "Ipswich River," as we speak familiarly of "Moose Hill," "Arcadia," and "Pleasant Valley."



ALVA MORRISON

The winding Ipswich River is a dominant feature of our Wildlife Sanctuary in Essex County, and a migration flyway for many interesting birds.

This long official title may call for some explanation. The late Miss Annie H. Brown bequeathed to the Federation of the Bird Clubs of New England the sum of fifteen thousand dollars, to be used in acquiring a tract of land to be designated the "Annie H. Brown Reservation" for the protection of wildlife. She also bequeathed a much larger amount to the Massachusetts Audubon Society without restriction as to its usage. The federation, with its bequest, purchased land on Plum Island which it later transferred to the Massachusetts Audubon Society, and this tract, with other land acquired by the Society, known as the Plum Island Sanctuary, was subsequently taken over by the United States Fish and Wildlife Service to become part of the Parker River Wildlife Refuge, our Society receiving a sum of money in part payment for the property thus taken from us. This sum we earmarked for reinvestment in another "Annie H. Brown Reservation," to carry on the intentions of the original bequest, and it was *with this money* that the Massachusetts Audubon Society, in 1951, purchased the extensive lowlands along the Ipswich River in Topsfield, Wenham, and Hamilton known locally as "the Wenham Swamp,"

now set aside and marked as the new "Annie H. Brown Reservation," an integral part of our larger "Ipswich River Wildlife Sanctuary."

Near the beginning of the present century the late Thomas E. Proctor purchased the Bradstreet Hill property overlooking the Wenham Swamp, and in later years he added many small parcels of land to his holdings, which he developed into one of the outstanding arboretums in the country. After Mr. Proctor's death the entire Proctor Estate came into the real estate market. The Massachusetts Audubon Society at first considered buying only the extensive swamp areas, using the Annie H. Brown Fund for this purpose. Then, quickly realizing the great possibilities for a sanctuary and educational center by acquiring the Bradstreet Hill uplands in connection with the winding Ipswich River with its marshes and wooded islands, our Board of Directors authorized the use of a considerable amount of money from its invested funds, and an additional acreage was purchased, resulting in a total of two thousand acres, with essential buildings, for sanctuary purposes.

For those members of the Society and their friends who have not seen it, a visit to the Ipswich River Wildlife Sanctuary will be a revelation and a delight. The pleasant headquarters building with its embryo museum and its rooms for meetings, the lodge where overnight visitors may find accommodations, the sunny fields and meadows, the winding trails, the abundance of native and exotic trees and shrubs, the charming little pond surrounded by rhododendrons and azaleas, the slow-moving river, the wide swamplands, and the wooded islands — each has its attraction for the visitor.

The acquisition of this strategically located educational center and wildlife sanctuary made a heavy drain upon the Society's resources, but we are developing it as rapidly as our limited funds permit. Already its advantages are being widely recognized, and those who visit it once come back again and again. Many garden club groups have visited "Ipswich River," and the Horticultural Chairmen of the Garden Club Federation held a meeting there, as did the Northeastern Bird-Banding Association. Scout groups, both boys and girls, and Camp Fire Girls have discovered the Sanctuary, and on Bird and Arbor Day in April an Essex County group of Girl Scouts planted, with fitting exercises, a large flowering crab apple to provide additional food for the bird population. Many school classes, often led by members of our Audubon teaching staff, have taken advantage of the facilities at the Sanctuary. And the Society itself will conduct three two-week sessions of the Palmer Day Camp at Ipswich River this summer, in addition to the Bird Identification Course already given by Director Foye, forerunners of many similar courses in the future. An Advisory Committee of twenty-five members, with Ralph Lawson, of Salem, as chairman, is actively planning for the development of the Ipswich River Wildlife Sanctuary.

Gleanings from Our Educational Work

Albert W. Bussewitz, Director of Moose Hill Sanctuary and Audubon teacher, reports that Richard Hildreth, of East Holliston, won first prize for his aquatic insects exhibit at his high school Science Fair, and this material was again exhibited in the Rockwell Cage of Massachusetts Institute of Technology at the Boston Globe Science Fair. Ann Kilham, of North Attleboro, won a first prize for her insect display at the Plainville Science Fair. Both of these young people attended our resident Wildwood Nature Camp at Barre last summer. Mr. Bussewitz also reported that Alan Ridley, veteran Moose Hill day camper, won a first place at the Junior High Science Fair, Foxboro.

Thumbnail Sketches of Our Directors



GEORGE WILLIAM COTTRELL, JR. Mr. Cottrell was elected to the Board of Directors in 1939. In 1942 World War II interrupted his service when he received an appointment in the Office of Strategic Services in Washington, and there he remained until 1944. He returned to the Board in 1948 and is currently serving on the Publications Committee and as chairman of the Calendar-Chart Committee. He is also a member of the Ipswich River Sanctuary Advisory Committee, working particularly in connection with marshes and trails on the property. From 1945 to 1949 he was editor of *Records of New England Birds* and was responsible for the excellent introductions which appeared in this publication from month to month.

Mr. Cottrell was born in Detroit, Michigan, in 1903, but lived in Cleveland, Ohio, until 1922, receiving his early education at Laurel School and University School of that city. From Harvard he received an A.B. degree in 1926, also a Parker Fellowship for travel and study abroad the following year, after which he continued graduate work at Harvard until 1933.

Mr. Cottrell's work has been largely in the field of education, having served as instructor in English at Columbia University, as assistant editor of the *Columbia Encyclopedia of World Literature*, and as an assistant in English at Harvard from 1929 to 1932. From 1933 to 1942 he was executive secretary of the Medieval Academy of America, and after his war service he returned to Harvard in 1944 as assistant to the head of the Houghton Library. He has been an editor in the Harvard University Library since 1947, editing the *Harvard Library Bulletin* and various books for the library.

He was married to Annette Brinckerhoff in June, 1929, and they have one daughter, Annette. Their home is in Cambridge.

The Cottrells have traveled extensively, not only in the United States and in many parts of Canada, but also in the countries of western Europe, in Guatemala, Panama, and Costa Rica. Because of their common interest in bird life and botany, most of their trips have had birds and plants as primary objectives.

Mr. Cottrell's work in literature and his interest in natural history have led to the collection of a working library on natural history and travel, with emphasis on birds. In 1951 he arranged a very fine Audubon exhibition at Harvard in connection with the centennial of Audubon's death, and he frequently prepares exhibitions of natural history books at the Houghton Library.

Among the various organizations of which Mr. Cottrell is a member is the British Ornithologists' Union, the Wilderness Society, Hawk Mountain Association, and the Nuttall Ornithological Club of Cambridge.



BORIS-BOSTON

CLARENCE EUGENE ALLEN. A director of the Massachusetts Audubon Society since 1944, Mr. Allen is the popular headmaster of the Rivers Country Day School in Chestnut Hill, an office he has held for the past twenty-three years. He is a native of Fitchburg, Massachusetts, but received his early education in London, England, during his family's residence abroad. Later he attended Fitchburg High School and was graduated from Dartmouth College in 1910. He took graduate work at Syracuse University and at the Biological Laboratory of Brooklyn In-

stitute of Arts and Sciences. For nineteen years he was natural science instructor in the pioneer Country Day School for boys in Newton, Massachusetts.

Mr. Allen is a trustee of the New England Baptist Hospital and chairman of the School of Nursing Committee. He is a member of the Diocesan Youth Commission of the Episcopal Diocese and a former vestryman of the Church of the Redeemer in Chestnut Hill. He is a member of the Headmasters' Association of the United States and an ex-president of the Independent School Association of Boston.

Mr. Allen's lifelong hobbies have been boys and birds and their relation to each other. In 1915 the Allens founded Camp Chewonki, a pioneer salt-water camp in Maine which, from the beginning, proved to be a leader in interesting boys in wildlife and conservation. The camp's four hundred acres constitute the Roger Tory Peterson Wildlife Sanctuary. On the extensive camp grounds and many bays in the coastal area from Casco Bay to Penobscot Bay, campers carry on active bird-banding operations and wildlife studies, and a number of Chewonki's boys and young counselors have turned this early interest into their life work. To name a few, there is Seth Low, head of bird-banding activities for the United States Fish and Wildlife Service; John Aldrich, chief ornithologist for the Fish and Wildlife Service; Alvah Sanborn, director of Pleasant Valley Sanctuary at Lenox; and Roger Tory Peterson, wildlife painter, photographer, and author of note. Scores of others, less illustrious perhaps, are numbered among those who actively support Audubon work and who lead richer lives by reason of this worth-while hobby. Camp Chewonki and the Rivers Country Day School are forever associated with the Peterson *Field Guide* for the text was written and the drawings and paintings made at one or the other. To quote Mr. Allen's own words, he says, "Whereas my own scientific contributions to ornithology are nil, I am proud to share with Bill Vogt the honor of having the *Field Guide* dedicated to me."

In 1911 Mr. Allen was married to Elizabeth Leiper, of Fitchburg, and their two sons, John and Douglas, have made him the proud grandfather of three boys and two girls. After the death of Mrs. Allen, he was married to Katherine Barrett, of Youngstown, Ohio, who shares with him the interest and responsibility of the school and camp programs.

Mr. Allen is chairman of the Educational Committee of the Board of Directors of the Massachusetts Audubon Society and serves also on the Membership and Public Relations Committees.

Nature's Calendar—June

BY RICHARD HEADSTROM

Now is the high tide of the year. The weather has settled to an even tempo and the days are warm and pleasant. No chilling winds, such as we might have experienced in May, suddenly appear and force us to button our jackets, and the intense heat of summer that soon will plague us is still a few weeks away. The sky above is blue and clear, except perhaps for a few fleecy clouds that gradually melt away or are carried by unseen air currents to some distant place. Everywhere the vegetation is green and fresh, as yet unsullied by July droughts, the air is sweet with the perfume of countless blossoms, and every hour is filled with the song of birds, beginning at the earliest intimation of dawn with the cheerful summons of the Robin and continuing throughout the day until a thrush brings it to a close with evening vespers.

About the farmhouse may be heard the song of the Phoebe quickly responding to the Robin's reveille, and before the day has really begun others are awake and pouring forth their melodies upon the early morning air. From the woodland border come the staccato notes of the Scarlet Tanager and the shrill exclamations of the Flicker, Oven-bird, and Redstart; the tree-tops of deeper woods become alive with the pleasant chatter of flycatchers and gaily dressed warblers; the meadows and pastures echo to the cheerful roundelay of the Song Sparrow, the prattling of the Field Sparrow and the Bobolink, whose antics are no crazier than the somersaults of the Yellow-breasted Chat in the roadside thicket; and in the orchard the warbling of the vireos, the carols of the orioles, and the sparkling notes of the Rose-breasted Grosbeak climax the avian symphony.

By now many of the birds that returned from the South in March and April have a family to engage their attention, while those that arrived later are either awaiting the appearance of young ones or are busy with their love-making. And, like the birds, the mammals, too, are concerned with family cares. In forested regions young Porcupines, as yet unable to fend for themselves, are shepherded from tree hollows to the meadows to browse on tender grasses and later, at night, to the edges of ponds to gorge themselves on succulent water plants, and in deep thickets spotted fawns are finding the use of slender legs and receiving lessons in woodcraft as they follow the does to feeding places.

Among the rodents the field mice and rabbits now have one family out of the way and are preparing for another, but the squirrels, both gray and red, roam the woodlands in family parties, observing the ways of life. And as night falls the predators venture forth on hunting expeditions, the young of weasels, mink, and wildcats to learn the predatory arts of which their parents are masters, the young of raccoons, foxes, and skunks to learn the roads to hen coops, where rodents abound, and to cornfields.

In June insect life becomes increasingly abundant and myriad caterpillars, grubs, and flying adults appear everywhere, many of them to serve as food for the birds and insectivorous mammals and many others to invade our gardens and orchards, fields, and woodlands. Ambush bugs, stinkbugs, and click beetles may now be found on yarrow and other wildflowers, and tree hoppers and leaf hoppers on trees and shrubs and a multitude of herbaceous plants. Grasshopper nymphs in various stages of growth swarm in fields and

meadows, June bugs fly noisily about, and the harmful thrips thread their way in and out of daisies and other blossoms. Gypsy moth caterpillars are feeding on the foliage of various trees; plant lice are multiplying rapidly; leaf miners are developing in leaves; and rose chafers are coming out of the ground to swarm on rosebushes and grapevines, where they are often very destructive. But, fortunately, all insects are not harmful, and many are real benefactors. Along well-beaten paths hungry tiger beetles pursue likely victims, while ladybirds hunt aphids and scale insects in field and garden. Along the roadside robber flies swoop down on flying insects or snatch them from stem and leaf, and about pond and stream dragonflies prove their worth by feeding on mosquitoes and other summer pests.

The warm sunny days of June also bring forth many of what Scudder referred to as "the frail children of the air." Along the woodland border many brown butterflies, with such delightful names as the little wood satyr, the pearly eye, and the wood nymph, may be observed floating over the nodding grasses or quivering above nectar-laden blossoms, and along the roadside and in the fields and meadows the sulphur butterflies add a distinctive charm to the summer landscape. Before the month is far gone the monarch butterflies return from the South, and while the females search for milkweed plants on which to lay their eggs the little copper butterflies, equally at home in city and country village, with a similar end in mind seek the field sorrel, which grows as well in city dump as in lush countryside.

June, too, is the month of fireflies. As the twilight blends into the darkness of the night and the air becomes fragrant with the smell of sweet grass, these little animated lanterns begin to flash their beacons against the background of deepening shadows. Less in evidence but none the less as active are many moths that now appear for the first time. Among these are the tent caterpillars and the so-called silkworm moths, large beautifully colored insects but rarely seen, despite their size, except as visitors to street and porch lights, where countless other night-flying insects may also be found, and which serve as food for the bats that now emerge from church belfry and stable loft to flit through the night like ghostly shades from another world.

Countless tadpoles in various stages of development are a familiar feature of June ponds and spring pools, and among the plants that grow by the water's edge hundreds of newly emerged spring peepers hunt for gnats, mosquitoes, and other insects. Meanwhile bullfrogs, whose familiar *jug-o-rum more rum* sounds startlingly weird in the quiet of the night, are mating and laying their eggs in floating masses that measure as much as two feet in diameter. Catfish, too, are depositing their ova, and in small streams the black-nosed dace in nuptial dress pay court to chosen mates.

By now all of our snakes have migrated to summer hunting grounds and some of them are laying eggs in favored sites; the milk snake in meadow tussocks, the black snake in moist soil along the woodland border, and the hognose in sandy areas. Their relatives the water turtles, too, are following the same instinct and in the banks of pond and stream bury their eggs, where they may be hatched by the warmth of the sun.

With a few exceptions all of our trees and shrubs have blossomed and are now either displaying fruit or developing them for later ripening. In woodland swamp the scarlet maple keys of the red maple hang in drooping clusters, and in upland woods the berries of the shadbush are eagerly devoured by greedy birds. But in deserted fields and neglected corners the sumacs are

spreading spikes of greenish flowers toward the sky, on rocky hillsides and along the water's edge the maple-leaved viburnum and its cousin the arrowwood are beginning to show flat-topped clusters, as the elder by the wayside, even now "foamed over with blossoms as white as spray," hints of the high tide of bloom that comes in July.

No longer are the wildflowers of April in blossom, but those of May are still in flower, and everywhere others are appearing to delight the eye with aesthetic simplicity. In hidden nooks the nightshade is opening its purple pendant blossoms among spreading fronds of lady ferns, and in shaded thicket where the sheathed amanitopsis, a mushroom of variation, is lifting its cap above the ground the delicate Indian cucumber is unfolding flowers of spidery design. Among clumps of bayberry and wild rose the sheep laurel is blossoming, and along wayside walls decorated with the twisting prickly stems and greenish blossoms of the greenbrier the shinleaf is hanging out its pretty waxen bells, and scarlet strawberries are glistening among the grasses.

Bordering the woodland path, the bunchberry and pipsissewa bloom shyly among the mosses and trailing vines, and beneath the spreading bracken the loosestrife gleams like tiny stars. In open glades the light feathery clusters of the New Jersey tea quiver in a passing breeze, and where the woods are cold and damp and uninviting the pink-veined flowers of the wood sorrel, with foliage singularly fresh and delicate, beckon hungry insects to serve as agents of pollen transfer. The frostweed, too, advertises for insect messengers, but only for a day, when the sun shines brightly and they are sure to be abroad. A sandy spot is where this strange plant chooses to grow, and, oddly enough, the wild indigo, too, finds such a site to its liking; but the hop clover, with its little yellow heads, and the selfheal, with its humble spikes, prefer grassy lanes where the wild grape swings its graceful festoons and perfumes the air with a sweetish scent.

Peat bogs have little appeal, but at this time of year they will well repay a rubber-booted visit for the cranberry and showy lady's slipper that now are blooming there. Pitcher plants, too, are again at work, eating

"bugs and ants
and gnats and flies,"

but they also are only to be found in inaccessible swampy places, and, almost hidden from view by sensitive and marsh ferns that contend for standing room, they must be searched for with diligence. Easier to find are the arrow arum and pickerelweed, both of which are beginning to show signs of blossoming along the edge of pond and stream. And what, we ask, is more delightful on a warm June day than our fields and meadows with daisies, black-eyed Susans, and the fiery devil's paintbrush blooming among waving timothy and orchard grass to entice one forth to roam the countryside, with cares and worries for the moment forgotten — unless one has the misfortune to meet with the poison ivy now sending forth its white flowers on vines that trail the roadside or climb trees and walls, or, perchance, to get enmeshed in tangled blackberry vines with delicate flowers that all but conceal wicked thorns.

HAVE YOU REGISTERED?

June 6 - 8 Berkshire Campout

June 15 - 28 Natural Science Workshop, Cook's Canyon, Barre

Ornithologists Alive!

X Oliver L. Austin, Jr.



Surprising it is that it was World War II that caused Dr. Oliver L. Austin, Jr., to return to his first love — ornithology. During two of the sad three years he was communications officer on a naval tanker ferrying aviation gasoline among the Solomons and Bismark Islands. When in port he borrowed little boats, small arms, and ammunition; while all other sailors were bored, he was collecting birds for Harvard's Museum of Comparative Zoology in absorbingly interesting jungles.

To be sure, the word "return" has only relative meaning here, for even during an interval of ten years when he was in business all his vacations and powerful efforts were spent at the Austin Ornithological Research Station at North Eastham, where he had spent much of his boyhood. Here he banded thousands of birds, and the accurate voluminous records of the station are basis for the papers he and his father have published in *Bird-Banding* and the *Auk*. These have thrown light upon the breeding biology, the life expectancy of individuals, and vital statistics of populations of Common Terns and Mourning Doves, and those data are the sources of J. A. Hagar's studies on Black Ducks and other works. Even after the war, in service as a Military Government Officer in Korea, Austin was able to find time to collect and to observe the birds there. Harvard College published his account of them in 1948 as *The Birds of Korea*, a *Bulletin of the Museum of Comparative Zoology*.

Following this Korean service as part-time naturalist, he was able to devote furious energy to his favorite study as head of the Wildlife Branch, Fisheries Division, Natural Resources Section, at General Headquarters, Supreme Commander for the Allied Powers (MacArthur, to you) in Tokyo. There he brought his wife, Elizabeth, who became an expert on Japanese Cookery, and his two small boys. During the next four years his papers on wildfowl in Japan, the sealing industry, and the practice of netting song birds aroused controversy in Washington and great interest elsewhere. His bristling verbal denunciations of netting birds for market and of overshooting by military personnel are not for nervous girls or bureaucrats.

Knowledge of the Japanese language he had acquired in a naval school stood him in good stead, not only in negotiation at Tokyo, but particularly on the marches over the mountains and long days and nights at sea in fisheries vessels where no one spoke any other language. On one such excursion he discovered the sad fate of Steller's Albatross, once familiar to Bonin Islanders (in the eastern Pacific where Iwo Jima is) and to Californians as well. Since 1900 they have not been sighted off our coasts; no one knew why. Austin

found that they bred on only a few small rocky islets where they had been slaughtered by feather traders. "It seems only too likely that Steller's Albatross has become one of the recent victims of man's thoughtlessness and greed," he wrote.

An education at Wesleyan University, and at Harvard where he earned a doctorate in 1931, was directed constantly to biology and related subjects. Cruising-vacations in a schooner on the Labrador during those years were used to gather the material for a book on birds of those barren coasts (*The Birds of Newfoundland Labrador*, Memoir VII of the Nuttall Ornithological Club of Cambridge, Mass., 1932). At present he is at work on a definitive study of the birds of Japan, while continuing the banding work at North Eastham — of course.

JAMES C. GREENWAY, JR.

Report of State-wide Bird Walks

BY RUTH P. EMERY

The State-wide Bird Walks conducted on May 3 in sixty-three cities and towns were very successful.

Sixty-one lists have been received as the *Bulletin* goes to press, and 177 species have been recorded. Seven of the groups had sixteen or more in the party, and the walk best attended was that led by Douglas Sands in Wellesley, with sixty-five participating, mostly boys and girls. In Lynnfield, Bennett Keenan led a group of thirty-two, and in Weston Mrs. C. L. Smith had twenty-five, including nine children. The greatest number of species, ninety, was listed on the Newburyport trip, led by Mrs. Clara deWindt. The Fall River-Westport walk was a close second, with seventy-two species, Mrs. Hentershee and Mrs. Williston leading. Middleboro, led by Lester R. Spaulding, was third with sixty-nine species.

In Lynnfield two King Rails were strolling around a bush on the railroad bed while twenty people watched them within ten feet. Rough-winged Swallows were found nesting in Weston, and Bank Swallows were seen at their nesting holes in East Holliston. In Burlington a Killdeer nest with four eggs was found, and in Attleboro two adult Killdeers were seen with three young able to feed themselves. Two immature Great Horned Owls with one adult were seen at Arcadia Sanctuary in Northampton. A wintering Baltimore Oriole was included in the list from Georgetown. Evening Grosbeaks were still around and reported by many of the groups. In Stockbridge a doe was seen by Mrs. Cornelius Rinsma's group, and a Cottontail Rabbit was on the Plymouth list. The minimum temperature was 28°, reported from Boxford and Northfield.

Highlights reported included the following: Snowy Egret (Chilmark); five Mute Swans (Westport); Hudsonian Curlew (Chilmark); Common Terns (Edgartown); Eastern Willet (Newburyport); Iceland and European Black-headed Gulls (Newburyport); Laughing Gull (Nahant); Barred Owl, Whip-poor-will, Kingbird, Crested Flycatcher, Wood Pewee, Carolina Wren, Redstart and Cardinal (Middleboro); Hummingbird (Plymouth); White-eyed Vireo (Cambridge and Edgartown); Yellow-throated Vireo (Boxford); Blue-headed Vireo (several places), and Warbling Vireo (Edgartown); eighteen species of warblers; Orchard Oriole (Edgartown); Summer Tanager (Edgartown); Indigo Bunting (Plymouth and Edgartown); Rose-breasted Grosbeak (Edgartown); White-crowned Sparrow (N. Reading, Bedford, Attleboro, and Taunton).

Follow Our Wild Flower Trails

When, in 1916, our first sanctuary was established at Sharon, the interest of our members was first, last, and *almost all the time* centered on *birds*. Today the word "Wildlife" is included in the official names of all our seven sanctuaries in Massachusetts, for our interests have widened and our activities have increased to include all wildlife, animal or vegetable, and the wild flower trails at these sanctuaries are important parts of their educational and recreational features.

Lawrence Newcomb, of Boston, who has been interested for many years in the propagation of wild flowers, has now been so successful that he has a sufficient supply of plants on hand to undertake, as a contribution to the Massachusetts Audubon Society, the reconstruction and replanting of the Wild Flower Trail and garden at Moose Hill. The Society is delighted to have Mr. Newcomb's co-operation in the development of this area, and we look forward to coming seasons when we may enjoy this new trail layout and the wild flowers which will be blooming there. If any of our other members have wild flowers (plants or seeds) which they would like to contribute toward this development at Moose Hill, or indeed at any of our sanctuaries, we should be glad to hear from them.

Pleasant Valley already has a most interesting, but of course incomplete, collection of Berkshire County flora. At Arcadia we are experimenting with plantings of bird food plants as well as with our native wild flowers. Ipswich River Wildlife Sanctuary is outstanding for its great variety of native and exotic trees and shrubs. Cook's Canyon, being developed as our educational center for Worcester County, needs additional wild flowers as well as berry-bearing trees and shrubs. Visit one of our sanctuaries and talk with its director, or write our executive director, C. Russell Mason, at Audubon House, as to our needs and desires.

DO NOT DIG UP wild flowers unless their habitat is about to be destroyed, as by road construction, etc., or their abundance makes thinning desirable.

Coming Events at the Berkshire Museum

Pittsfield, Massachusetts

JUNE

June 3 through 29. Exhibition of Paintings owned in Berkshire County. Arranged by Berkshire Museum Auxiliary.

June 7-29. Exhibition by Berkshire Museum Business Men's Art Club.

June 7 through 29. Exhibition of Photographs by Photo Guild of Detroit.

June 3, 3 to 5 p. m. Tea sponsored by Berkshire Museum Auxiliary.

June 7, 7:45 p. m. Dance Recital by pupils of Miss Hazel Slater.

June 8, 2:30 to 5 p. m. Recital by students of Mrs. L. G. Hamilton.

June 13, 14. Annual Berkshire Camp-Out, sponsored by Massachusetts Audubon Society, Hoffmann Bird Club and Berkshire Museum.

June 14, 10:30 a.m. Presentation of medals in Children's Department by Mrs. W. Murray Crane.

June 17, 2 p. m. Meeting of Berkshire Museum Auxiliary.

June 18 through 21, 7 and 9 p. m. Movie. "The Browning Version." First of the regular Little Cinema programs.

June 21, 9 a. m. All day hike, Junior Naturalists under Miss Frances E. Palmer.

June 25 through 28, 7 and 9 p. m. Movie, to be announced, presented by Little Cinema.

The Little Cinema will run Wednesday through Saturday all summer, continuous from 7 p. m., and there will be a matinee Saturdays at 3.

"So Much For So Little"

DO A SERVICE to your friends — a Good Deed in the interest of Conservation. Introduce your friends to participation in the activities of the Massachusetts Audubon Society.

Our numbers are mounting steadily under the impetus of our 1952 Membership Drive.

But let us not stop now!

OUR GOAL — TEN THOUSAND MEMBERS — HELP US ATTAIN IT

We welcome the following new members, who joined the Society during the month of April, and record with special appreciation the names of other members who have increased their support.

Life Members

- *Berg, Miss Eleanor, Dorchester

Contributing Members

- *Bassett, F. J., Taunton
- **Davis, Mrs. Joseph M., Worcester
- **Drew, George A., Jr., Belmont
- *Dwight, Miss J. B., Albany, N. Y.
- **Harrower, Mrs. Norman, Fitchburg
- **Pierce, Mrs. C. Eaton, Hingham
- **Rost, David B., Newton Hlds.
- *Sammis, Mrs. Howard D., Pittsfield
- **Sayles, Miss Deborah W., Chestnut Hill
- **Williams, Miss Hilda W., Brookline
- *Wisner, Mrs. R. R., Newton Hlds.

Supporting Members

- *Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Larchmont, N. Y.

- Beatty, Mrs. Muriel Kaye, Cohasset
- Bird, Mrs. Harold S., Belmont
- *Campbell, Napoleon A., Pittsfield
- *Dutton, Mrs. David P., Stoneham
- *Gates, Mrs. Lloyd S., Weston
- Heywood, Mrs. Chester D., Worcester
- Hubbard, Miss Barbara, S. Hadley
- *Judd, George E., Norwell
- *Kennedy, Miss Mary R., Pittsfield
- King, Miss Natalie B., Somerville
- Meyer, Miss Elsie, Boston
- *Neill, Mrs. Arthur W., Harvard
- Paul, Robert J., Framingham
- *Swasey, Miss Marion H., New Bedford
- Tracy, Henry E., Lynn
- *Wales, Mrs. Quincy W., West Newton
- *Waters, Mrs. Richard P., Boston
- *Wilmot, Mrs. Wesley P., Concord
- Woolley, Mrs. Rosa E., Newton Ctre.

- *Transferred from Active Membership
- **Transferred from Supporting Membership

Active Members

- Aicher, Paul J., Jr., Northampton
- Aikman, Mrs. Lewis Robert, Belmont
- Allan, Mrs. Elmer, Middleboro
- Allan, Thomas T., E. Walpole
- Amesbury, Walter R., Weston
- Anderson, Francis C., Jr., Abington

- Archey, Robert, Pittsfield
- Avery, William J., Quincy
- Bailey, Mrs. I. Clarence, Kingston
- Banks, Mrs. Edward, N. Brookfield
- Barrow, Mrs. Ralph, Boston
- Barry, Miss Rosemary, Worcester
- Bauer, Mrs. Walter, Cambridge
- Bell, Mrs. Arthur W., Boston
- Bell, Mrs. Elliston H., Jr., Manchester
- Blossom, Mrs. Lewis, Fairhaven
- Branigen, Miss Nellie, Amsterdam, N. Y.
- Browning, Mrs. Russell G., Fairhaven
- Bruen, Harry F., Chestnut Hill
- Burleigh, Mrs. Harold L., Burlington
- Burnell, Miss Martha May, Brookline
- Buzzell, Mrs. R. W., Old Bennington, Vt.
- Cahalane, Mrs. Francis, Kingston
- Carlson, Miss Claire, Worcester
- Carlson, Miss Joan Ellen, Amherst
- Chandler, Mrs. George, Kingston
- Chase, Mrs. Allen, N. Brookfield
- Collins, Miss Lucy J., Hagaman, N. Y.
- Curtis, Miss Grace R., Boston
- Cushing, Mrs. G. Bailey, Kingston
- Daniels, Miss Addie F., West Roxbury
- Delano, Arthur D., New Bedford
- Dexter, Mrs. Charles, Marion
- Dodd, Mrs. Dexter T., Hudson
- Drake, Mrs. Herbert, Wareham
- Drinker, Mrs. Henry S., Jr., Concord
- Duncan, Thomas, Brookline
- Dunford, Miss Joan, Worcester
- Easton High School Library, Easton, Md.

- Ellis, Mrs. Herbert J., Middleboro
- Elwood, Walter, Amsterdam, N. Y.
- Fairbanks, Mrs. Arthur, Waban
- Fairman, Miss Marilyn D., Brookline
- Farrar, Miss Janet L., Wrentham
- Faulkner, Mrs. James, Middleboro
- Fenton, Mrs. Margaret, Waltham
- Fisher, Mrs. Claude, Boston
- Fisher, Mrs. Leroy, Brockton
- Galloway, Mrs. John, N. Dartmouth
- Giannettie, Miss Nancy, Wrentham
- Giddings, Miss Carrie A., Beverly
- Gilbert, Mrs. Chester, Attleboro
- Gilbert, Miss Marie L.,

Amsterdam, N. Y.

Birds Want Water In Summer

BY FRANCES L. BURNETT

Many people put out food to attract birds to their homes in winter for their own personal enjoyment as well as to supplement the limited food available during the cold months. Just as much pleasure can be derived from watching a bird bath in summer. Last year between August and October the following birds were observed actually bathing at the bird bath outside my house at Manchester, Massachusetts.

Ruby-throated Hummingbird
Flicker
Black-capped Chickadee
Catbird
Brown Thrasher
Robin
Veery
Bluebird
Red-eyed Vireo
Black and White Warbler
Yellow Warbler
Cape May Warbler
Myrtle Warbler

Black-throated Green Warbler
Chestnut-sided Warbler
Black-poll Warbler
Yellow-throat
Canada Warbler
Redstart
Baltimore Oriole
Cowbird
Rose-breasted Grosbeak
Purple Finch
Goldfinch
White-throated Sparrow
Swamp Sparrow

Song Sparrow

In those species in which age or sex could be easily determined visually, it seemed that most of the above birds were females and/or immatures. A theory is that some of them were trying to rid themselves of external parasites acquired while in the nest as nestlings or adults brooding their young. Some of the birds came only once or twice, others came quite regularly. It has been said that warblers are only attracted by dripping water, but the above list shows that still water was to their liking as well. One of the funniest sights was to watch a Flicker take its bath. The bird seemed quite unaccustomed to such activity and tackled its problem by a sort of submarine technique, ducking in headfirst.

The bird bath that I have is circular (about 28 inches in diameter), made of cement, fashioned so that there are four graduated concentric levels — a drop of about half an inch per step so that when the bath is full the water is about two inches deep in the center. Thus the bath can be utilized by small birds as well as by large. Although there is no fountain or water drip, one of these might be a good addition. As it is now, however, it is very simple to fill the bird bath as necessary by using a large water pail.

For a number of years the bird bath was on the ground. As summer wore on the grass grew higher around it and few if any birds took advantage of the water. Then the bath was raised about a foot and a half above the ground and activity increased. This, too, was better as a protection from cats. Overhanging the bath is a small red maple tree, and near-by shrubs — shadbush and witch hazel — offer ample interim perching and landing places.

During the winter the bird bath does not need to be idle. Use of an electric heater such as is made for poultry will keep some of the water unfrozen. This is particularly appealing to members of the sparrow family, such as the Purple Finch, Evening Grosbeak, Goldfinch, and Pine Siskin. But birds are not the only creatures that drink the water we provide, for Chipmunks (after their winter sleep) and Gray Squirrels seem to need this supply of ice-free water as well.

Notes from Our Sanctuaries

IPSWICH RIVER SANCTUARY. April, as usual, was a capricious month. The migration of Yellow Palm and Myrtle Warblers seemed exceptionally good. A Yellow-bellied Sapsucker on the 18th put on a fine sap-sucking exhibit for a school class. An Osprey stayed on for two weeks, usually perched on a prominent tree overlooking the flooded Bunker Meadows from which he could fish. A pair of Ring-necked Ducks, both Teal, and many Wood Ducks and Black Ducks frequented the marshes. The magnolias, plums, and cherries were very beautiful and gave enjoyment to the Sanctuary's many visitors. The Evening Grosbeaks continued to come in to the feeders in large numbers. A nesting Saw-whet Owl was the highlight for the month. On Arbor Day one hundred fifty Girl Scouts from the Mid-Essex Council planted a Flowering Crab, *Malus floribunda*. The tree was a gift from Seth L. Kelsey and should be a thing of beauty for the future. Gilbert M. Cobb, of Salem, erected some very practical and attractive nesting boxes about Bradstreet Hill.

Not until May is the vernal season fully developed. Nothing is more delightful than the bright and warm days which break the monotony of inclement weather. Sunshine bathes the river meadows and islands. Man and bird alike seem to feel the exhilarating influence of the day. Spotted and Solitary Sandpipers are to be seen on every turn of the river. Wood anemones carpet the Marsh Islands. Yellow-legs "tattle" over the meadows and swallows dart about overhead. And in the bright green of the new foliage the elusive warblers keep our ear and eye alert. The uplands are bedecked with the decorative shadbush, *Amelanchier*. Some fifteen varieties are listed in the catalogue of the trees and shrubs planted here. Of these the *A. canadensis* with its stiped bark, the *A. laevis* of more delicate growth and reddish young leaves, and the *A. oblongifolia* of very compact growth are the easiest to identify.

ELMER FOYE

PLEASANT VALLEY. April is a good month for studying amphibians as well as birds. Of course the Spring Peepers get started in March, but they continue their spring chorus throughout the following month. Did you ever try to catch a Spring Peeper? Have you ever seen one? I find that, though almost everyone knows them by their song, few have any idea what they look like. Scarcely more than an inch long, the Peeper is usually a fawn color and marked with the irregular dark cross on the back which suggested the specific name *crucifer*. If you want to match your powers of observation against Nature's ability to conceal her children, try to locate and catch one of these little fellows.

First, plan your trip for a night in early April. Go equipped with boots, flashlight, and plenty of patience. Pick out some small pool where there is a good strong chorus indicating plenty of Peepers, and then wade boldly forth. Immediately the shrill calls stop. As your flashlight plays across the pool, you won't see any Peepers. You may be lucky enough to see one of the large Spotted Salamanders glide toward the cover of the leaves, for they, too, are very active at night.

Now stand still near the shore line and wait. In the dead grasses and reeds at your feet the Peepers are waiting, but you can't see them. They're too well-hidden and too quiet. After a few minutes' wait there is a peep here and then one over there, and then a general resumption of the chorus begins.

If you locate the nearest Peeper by ear, and then if you look with your flashlight (it won't frighten the quarry) under the bent-over cattails and grasses, you should finally locate *Hyla crucifer*. With his throat sac inflated, he looks for all the world as if he has been chewing bubble gum. Now carefully gather your resources for the strike. With a swoop of your hand, accurately aimed, you must come down on him like a Red-tail on a mouse. Clutching vegetation and splashing water, you may bear away the trophy of the chase. Pop him into a jar. A short captivity will not harm the frog and will give you a chance to observe this tiny musical amphibian.

In late April the Common Toads go to the ponds to add their musical trills to the evening frog chorus, and near the end of the month the elusive Tree Frog has just come out of hibernation and come to the water's edge. Now it will be easy to see *Hyla versicolor*, but just try to catch one in July when it calls from the old apple tree just at dusk. That's a different story!

The Seventh Annual Conservation exhibit opened at the Berkshire Museum on April 22. Boys and girls who have had the Massachusetts Audubon Society's special course in Natural Science and Conservation took part. There were over one hundred fifty entries this year, including many dioramas, collections, terraria, and electric naming games. The games were one of the most popular exhibits. Some were bird and flower games, and there was even a game to help one identify animal tracks. About 175 children, teachers, and parents attended the formal opening.

ALVAH W. SANBORN

ARCADIA. The evening of April Fool's Day gave us at Arcadia our first spring frog chorus. Spring is not official until the frogs signal all and sundry that they have reappeared on the scene. Many birds appeared during April, our list showing sixty-five species recorded altogether. Two all-time records were added: the Turkey Vulture on the 11th, by Bob Wood and Ed Mason, and the Iceland Gull. A feature of the flood plain meadows around the Oxbow during this April has been the large flock of Herring Gulls present throughout. These birds have sat on little bars among the flood waters and have circled in numbers over the fields on some days. They have been conservatively estimated to number up to one hundred birds. After much diligent searching, Professor Eliot finally found among them a Ring-billed, on April 19, and an Iceland Gull on April 23.

April 1 saw 160 Canada Geese winging their way northward. April 4 gave an even better record — 120 Snow Geese on their return voyage. Several other flocks of geese were reported to Sanctuary Headquarters, but none stopped over at Arcadia Marsh, as far as could be ascertained. Professor Leroy Stegeman and wildlife management students from the University examined the Wood Duck nesting boxes at the end of the month and found three active Wood Duck nests, while a fourth, they surmised, had been used by one or more female Wood Ducks that couldn't quite make up their minds whether or not to finish the job so well begun. This group banded our two nestling Great Horned Owls earlier and has since been studying the Owls' food habits. While examining the Wood Duck boxes, they found a gray phase Screech Owl sitting on a clutch of eggs.

Arcadia has had one specimen of the First Family of Trees for three years now. The Ginkgo was brought from China and planted in the temple gardens of Japan. Later it became extinct as a wild plant in China. Two other trees of high historic interest were added to our collection this year by Smith

College through the good offices of W. I. P. Campbell, Curator of Smith's Botanic Gardens. One of these is the *Franklinia alatamaha*, which was found wild in Georgia by the Bartrams. It was established in the Bartram Gardens in Philadelphia and was named for Benjamin Franklin. This tree has not been found wild since 1790. The other tree is a fine young specimen of the dawn redwood, *Metasequoia glyptostroboides*, first named from fossils forty to fifty million years old and only found as a living plant in 1944 by a Chinese forester in Szechuan Province, Central China. If these growing trees can bring a glimmer of the wonderful continuity in the living world through the long corridors of time that stretch back to the earth's beginnings, they will be mighty fine additions to the exhibits in our outdoor museum.

One of the Friends of Arcadia, who desires to remain anonymous, made it possible to purchase some nursery stock to offset the widespread damage to shrubs by rabbits during the past winter. This group includes castor aralia, *Kalopanax pictus*, recommended by the Arnold Arboretum as a bird food small tree with unusual foliage characteristics; also four new varieties of dogwood, two honeysuckles, a buckthorn, and a viburnum. Prompt applications of tree paint apparently helped some trees and shrubs to overcome, in part at least, the debarking done by the Cottontails, but in some cases the plants have to start out again from the ground level.

The Members' Room at Arcadia is in process of being refurbished. Mr. and Mrs. John Conkey made possible the floor covering, and our anonymous Friend of Arcadia the much-needed new paint and wallpaper. Another prominent new feature came into being through the efforts of a small, loyal group of Arcadia Advisory Committee members who met on Sunday, April 27. By mid-afternoon a new sign at the entrance showed the high skills of this group. The substantial timbers of the sign were discarded telephone poles given the Sanctuary by the Telephone Company's local representatives, William Dunn and Clyde Woodworth.

Many visitors were registered at Arcadia during April, and during the last two weeks of the month school classes came mornings and afternoons on suitable days. Besides the many birds, and the Muskrats which were most obliging during the month because of the high water, our visitors enjoyed the spring bulbs in the shrub borders, the bloodroot, and bird's foot, downy yellow, Canada, and common violets. The Canada and downy yellow violets were the gift of Earle Thomas. The new leaves of the hardwood trees on Mt. Tom created a color pattern which made the distant view from the trails most entrancing during the latter part of the month. The Mt. Tom Range drew many visitors whose interest was in the hawk migration, and most of them were not disappointed.

EDWIN A. MASON

MOOSE HILL. Oftentimes the signs that point to the withdrawal of one season and the advance of another are so closely blended that no sharp line of seasonal separation can be drawn. Such a characteristic overlapping of natural events was strikingly demonstrated at the Sanctuary on May 7, when both the Evening Grosbeaks and Rose-breasted Grosbeaks were observed consorting in the same area. A more dramatic presentation of the contiguity of winter and spring than the presence simultaneously of the golden-plumaged boreal type and the roseate seedeater from the South was difficult to imagine. Previous to their belated reappearance in small numbers (three to five) during the week of May 4, the Evening Grosbeaks had not been reported

within Sanctuary environs for well over a month, and the lateness of the season made this irruption wholly unanticipated.

Although at this writing (May 12) a few transients and summer residents remain unrecorded, many of the birds are deeply involved in the business of nest building and rearing of young. Observable about the residence or within a few yards of it are the homemaking activities of Bluebirds, Tree Swallows, Phoebe, Chickadees, and House Wrens. The Wood Duck house in the red maple near the pond is again occupied, and it is quite likely that others are also nesting in the area, as several pairs have been seen regularly. The avian housing development that excites us most, however, is that in the upper branches of the youthful Washington elm (a pedigreed scion of the famous Cambridge tree) that occupies the center of the oval driveway south of the house. The tree has apparently now reached the stature that makes it acceptable as a nesting site, and the first birds to build in its branches are a bustling pair of Baltimore Orioles. Such a conspicuous site is hardly calculated to provide the prospective parents much privacy, but we hope that the interested, probing eyes of our Sanctuary visitors will in no wise mar the happiness and success of their project.

The past weeks witnessed increasingly large numbers of groups and individuals of all ages walking the wooded trails to spot the spring migrants or search out the blossoming trees, shrubs, and wildflowers. Many of the groups were led over the trails by previous arrangement with the Sanctuary. Many of the Audubon-sponsored Natural Science classes made a pilgrimage to Moose Hill as the climactic feature of their year's nature program. Student classes from Boston University likewise sought the facilities and services of the Sanctuary in enriching their natural history program. On April 25 the Sanctuary was host to an enthusiastic group of Girl Scout leaders from the Nehoiden section.

The added brightness that greets visitors stepping into the museum room is largely attributable to the floor, which was recently sanded, waxed, and polished to give it its present lustrous look.

Audubon Day was celebrated on May 10 by a goodly number of members and friends who enjoyed perfect outing weather and a gratifying total of spring migrants. Under the guidance of C. Russell Mason, of the Boston office, and Miss Emily Goode and Harry Levi, Jr., of the Audubon teaching staff, many of our visitors were given their first 1952 look at such avian delights as Black-billed Cuckoos; Wood Pewees; Hermit, Wood, and Olive-backed Thrushes; Scarlet Tanagers; Rose-breasted Grosbeaks; Oven-birds; and Parula, Cape May, and Golden-winged Warblers. For many it provided, as well, the pleasurable opportunity of reminiscing concerning the birding and nature exploits of other times and places.

ALBERT W. BUSSEWITZ

COOK'S CANYON. Thirty-five hundred boys and girls learning the beauty of the out-of-doors, the thrill of a Great Blue Heron beside the still waters of the pond, the rushing of the waters over the falls, and a Pileated Woodpecker winging from its hole—these are fleeting glimpses of Cook's Canyon during April and May as all of the boys and girls receiving instruction in the Audubon Special School Course in Conservation and Natural Science in the Worcester Schools and those of many smaller towns of the county have their final class as a day's trip to the wildlife sanctuary.

For three years the metamorphosis from a country home to a natural

history center capable in size and scope of serving the people of Worcester County has been progressing here at Barre through the generosity of our members throughout the region. Those of the Audubon staff who have had the pleasure of seeing busloads of expectant children (some of whom may be making their first real visit to the country) would like to pass on to the Society's membership the hundreds of thank-you's they receive as the boys and girls are leaving the Sanctuary.

These children are the Society's greatest investment for the future conservation of wildlife, and we also feel that the work is one of the 'greatest contributions being made to the development of healthy interests of youth. And as a by-product, are we not also developing hundreds of potential members for our Society?

That the interest of many of these boys and girls is real is evidenced by the numbers of parents who are brought out by their children as they revisit the Sanctuary on week ends. When these and the various scout, 4-H, and similar groups have all been counted, it is most probable that between April 15 and June 15 a total of 4500 people will have been welcomed at Cook's Canyon. The increased use, we feel, has warranted a greatly expanded feeding program, and the birds are easily consuming a hundred pounds of sunflower seed a month in addition to Moose Hill mixture and cracked corn. It is interesting to note that the Pheasants still came to the headquarters to feed as late as early May. Evening Grosbeaks were present in the middle of May. We wonder how long they will remain.

The flocks of Grackles have paid dividends, as they produced a Ridgway's for banding, and a Red-wing has become a regular feeder, to the delight of our visitors. Myrtle Warblers and a Baltimore Oriole have also lent a touch of color to the scene.

The extensive birding over the property by the Misses Frances Gillotti and Jacqueline Banyan and Mrs. Magee, with their classes, promises to add a number of new birds to the Sanctuary's list, such as the Turkey Vulture shown circling overhead to a group of cubs from Princeton on Audubon Day.

LEON A. P. MAGEE

News of Bird Clubs

The FORBUSH BIRD CLUB of Worcester has scheduled a field trip to Paxton on Sunday, June 1, to be led by Lloyd S. Jenkins. On the week end of June 7-8 the Club will enjoy a week-end field trip, camp, and cook-out at Cook's Canyon Sanctuary in Barre, with Mr. and Mrs. Leon Magee leading trips.

The HOFFMANN BIRD CLUB of Pittsfield is planning a drive to the summit of Mount Equinox on Saturday, July 12. The Club members will participate actively in the Annual Berkshire Campout of the Massachusetts Audubon Society on June 6, 7, and 8, with headquarters at the Berkshire Museum.

On Sunday, June 8, the SOUTH SHORE BIRD CLUB will visit Plymouth Beach to see the Tern colony and shore birds. The trip will be led by Adrian Whiting, of Plymouth. If transportation is needed or room for extra passengers is available in your car, please notify Sibley Higginbotham, 17 Winthrop Avenue, Wollaston, CRanite 2-8578.

The Annual Banquet of the WATERBURY (CONN.) NATURALIST CLUB will be held on June 4, when the Reverend Joseph Swain, of Middletown, will present "White Mountain Symphony," illustrated by kodachrome slides accompanied by Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony. On Saturday, June 21, the Club plans a repeat trip to beautiful Lake Mohonk to see roses and laurel, the trip to be led by Miss Helen Stoddard.

Two Supper Trips are being scheduled by the HARTFORD BIRD STUDY CLUB in June. On Saturday, June 7, the trip will be to Rye Street, East Windsor, with Mrs. Wallace Farnum as hostess. On Saturday, June 14, the trip will be to South Windsor, with Miss Charlotte Fitchner as guide.

Christopher Wren and the Eternal Triangle

BY CORINNE H. BABBITT

Our spring journey to Florida was over and we had happily settled down again in our own home. The last of the winter clothes had been put away in moth-repellent, and the summer clothes had been cleaned — that is, all but my husband's swimming trunks, which I had hung on the line after washing out the sand and salt of Florida. Now there was time to watch our bird neighbors.

For several days during the third week of May I had heard the chattering of Jenny and Christopher, as we called our pair of House Wrens. They had been very busy bringing small twigs to place in the corner slats of the trellis over our dining room door. They worked hard struggling to get the twigs in place. I wondered about this procedure, for there seemed to be hardly room for a real nest. I came to the conclusion that this was a part of the wrens' territorial range, and so I began to watch their maneuvers with extreme caution. Where could the real nest be?

I arrived at a partial solution of this question one evening when I found that their territorial claims covered an area about one hundred twenty-five feet long by fifty feet wide. Its boundaries ran from the house trellis to the corner of the barn, and from the northwest corner of the barn it trailed away to an old chestnut fence post, then north to a stone wall, and then directly east back to the house. The wrens seemed to enjoy being where they could see what we were doing and had tried to find a suitable nesting place near the back door. They had also apparently started homes in all four corners of this range.

One evening while I was on a walk to the west woods to enjoy the sunset I saw Jenny come out of an opening in the fence post. I had made the final discovery! There were four tiny eggs in the nest in the post, but I could barely feel them, they were so well-concealed. Jenny Wren did her bit of chattering, and then Christopher sang his merry song. Everything seemed serene and happy, as in any well-adjusted household, human or avian.

On the 14th of June, early in the morning, I looked out of my kitchen window to see Christopher with a very actively chattering companion eyeing the swimming trunks on the clothesline from one end to the other and from top to bottom. I had carelessly hung them by one clothespin thus leaving the G-string in a convenient position for building a nest. On seeing what was happening, I went to the old fence post to see if Jenny had changed her mind, but, to my surprise, when I knocked upon her "house roof" she flew out. This was a shock! Christopher was carrying on with another woman! I went back to the clothesyard and told Chris off while Jezebel sat on a branch of the apple tree to which the clothesline was tied and just chattered noisily as if to say, "Don't be nosey! This is *our* affair." Knowing that this happened sometimes in the animal kingdom, we became intensely interested in this "eternal triangle."

On the 15th the two wrens began carrying twigs into the new home, as we secretly hoped it would be — that is, after my husband decided it was all right for them to occupy his one and only pair of swimming trunks. In fact, we

thought it so extremely interesting that we left the trunks to the new owners. Mother Nature has a way with mankind!

On June 16 Russell Mason, of the Massachusetts Audubon Society, with members of the Cook's Canyon sanctuary staff and the Workshop students, came to Petersham to have a lesson and a field trip with us. The group quickly became intrigued with wren's nest Number Two and the originality of its owners and builders in utilizing such a location. By this date Jezebel had made up her mind that this was the right place to live, and so she and Chris continued to insert twigs into the nest which were often too large and too clumsy. At long last Jezebel settled down to housekeeping in earnest. But not so with Christopher — for he now had two wives to support — until one day when I saw him fly out to the home in the post, Number One, to see how Jenny's family there was prospering. The young were well grown and ready to fly. I watched them fly out and try their wings on their first flights. Jenny Wren was a very busy lady; Chris then went back to his other home on the clothesline.

There was an interesting feature about this nesting site. Whenever I wanted the clothesline, or that particular spot on it, I would either move the nest over to the end of the line, or I would take it completely off the line and lay it upon the ground for a short period of time and then place it wherever there was room for it. This procedure always caused a lot of chatter from Jezebel and often a word or two from Christopher, but as soon as I had placed it back on the line they would look the whole situation over and just go on living as if nothing had happened.

Finally the home was built, and Jezebel deposited three tiny eggs within the nest in the G-string. Again I took the nest off the line, and again they went on with their merry way of life. It was during this period of incubation that I saw Chris watching over his first family in nest Number One. After they learned to fly he settled down with Jezebel, and they were very content, except when I took their home off the line. It was amusing each time I did this to see and to hear how much they scolded, but they would always subside quickly.

Whenever the Workshop groups came for a visit, which ended with a picnic supper on our lawn, wren's nest Number Two took a beating — for someone would invariably run into it head on, leaving it swinging violently for a few moments. Then the nest would settle back, along with Jezebel. Until the young people found out that the trunks swinging on the line held a wren's nest, the ice cream freezer was the main attraction.

One morning I heard considerably more singing than usual near Jezebel's home. The Christopher Wrens in Number Two were the proud parents of triplets! All of the eggs had stood the strain of life well, for in the nest were three sturdy young birds.

I continued to move the nest whenever I needed the line until one day when I looked in to see how the family was and found, to my surprise, that they had all flown. With regret we watched them go, for they had given much pleasure to many people.

The young Cook's Canyonites presented my husband with new illuminated mustard yellow swimming trunks and me with a light-green visor cap in appreciation of our kindness to Christopher Wren and his two families.

More Auduboniana

BY DOROTHY G. WAYMAN

The interesting article on "John James Audubon, Salesman," by Lawrence B. Romaine, in the *Bulletin* for October, 1951, calls to mind references to Audubon's visits to New Bedford, Massachusetts, in 1839 and 1840. The references expand the data cited by Mr. Romaine from Audubon's Journal.

The references are contained in the *Diary of Samuel Rodman*, edited by Zephaniah Pease, first serialized in the New Bedford Mercury in 1926 and printed in book form by the Reynolds Printing Company of New Bedford.

Samuel Rodman (1792-1876) was a Quaker, born on Nantucket Island. His father had married a daughter of the whaling fleet owner William Rotch. Samuel Rodman's life was largely spent in the New Bedford "counting house," looking after the family whaling business and pioneering himself in the early cotton textile industry. His hobby was meteorology and his daily records of weather observations (now at the Harvard Observatory on Blue Hill) are the oldest and among the most valuable, scientifically, in the country.

The first reference to Audubon in New Bedford is in December, 1839. The diary entries immediately preceding portray the monetary situation, indicating that Audubon must indeed have been a good salesman to sell so many subscriptions and paintings!

Samuel Rodman in October had journeyed to Philadelphia, which city he found "very quiet under the suspension of specie payments by the banks in consequence of the U. S. Bank adopting that course." Rodman was unable to buy some articles for his sons at Haverford School "from the refusal or inability to give change for a five dollar note (Pennsylvania Bank) . . . indeed, I was almost compelled to leave unpaid a debt for my lodgings." He traveled by railroad between Philadelphia and New York, but by the steamer *Massachusetts* between New York and Stonington, Connecticut, which was probably Audubon's course also. A stage from New Bedford via Taunton met the Providence-Boston train at Mansfield. At Providence, a ferry conveyed the train passengers to the railroad again on the opposite side of the river, and the steamer was boarded at Stonington.

The old Quaker and shipowner, in November, 1839, was exercised over politics because "Massachusetts seems likely to be cast down in the dust by giving in her adhesion to the profligate principles and anti-republican policy of Jackson and Van Buren . . . the corrupt and false doctrines of the profligate administration which for the past ten years has afflicted the country." Fortunately for his peace of mind, the Whigs won the State election after all.

New Bedford society was thus enabled to turn attention to art and ornithology when Audubon arrived. We quote from Rodman's diary:

"Dec. 16. [1839] Saw Audubon the naturalist and subscribed for his work. Snow storm nearly all day.

"Dec. 19. Spent the morning as usual now at home. Called on Robert Murray [a visiting Quaker] and Mr. Audubon. Evening at home with a small party to meet Robert and Hannah Murray. Mr. Audubon spent an hour with us but as our tea was late he excused himself on account of some engagements and necessity of retiring early as he leaves in the early stage for Boston tomorrow. He is an interesting old gentleman and is much pleased with New Bedford for the liberal manner in which he has been patronized, having obtained subscriptions for forty copies of the new edition of his ornithology."

It should be an interesting occupation for some New Bedford ornithologists to trace those forty subscription copies of *Birds of America* sold by Audubon in 1839-40 to New Bedford families.

Even more exciting would be to trace the original paintings by Audubon which Rodman tells us the naturalist brought to New Bedford in 1840, put on display, and sold. The railroad had been completed to New Bedford from Taunton between Audubon's first and second visits, Rodman describing the throngs of people who gathered at "the depot" to witness the starting of the cars on July 1, 1840. Joseph Grinnell, president of the rail corporation, gave a large evening party July 1 for stockholders and invited guests from Boston, Providence, and New York. Quaker Rodman, however, did not go to the party "because I feared the use of wine," he being strictly "temperance."

"Aug. 3. [1840] At the Insurance Office I met J. J. Audubon, the naturalist, who has some original paintings of his great work on ornithology which he is reluctantly compelled by his circumstances to sell. Called at mother's just before dinner to meet ma chere (his wife) by appointment to take her to see the birds. Bought two of the pictures and asked the old gentleman to take a family dinner, but he declined as he was to leave for New York at 3 o'clock but said he would do himself the pleasure on 5th day [Quaker term for Thursday] next. Afternoon at the counting house where I took a cake of ship's bread for supper and then went to attend a meeting of the School Committee.

"Aug. 8. Went to the Rail Road depot before breakfast and saw the train start with a large number of passengers including the City of Boston Militia — three cars apparently full. My object was to ascertain whether Mr. Audubon expected to be in town today, as in that event we were to have him to dine with us."

The next entry in the printed version of the diary is dated Aug. 15, so that reference to the original diary would be necessary to learn if Audubon did dine with the Quaker family. The City of Boston Militia had been at New Bedford for their summer encampment. Samuel Rodman, as a stockholder, always was interested as to whether the "cars" were full of passengers. Audubon may have decided that an invitation to dine with a host whose idea of a sufficient supper was a bit of hardtack was not worth a trip back from New York! After all, he had secured forty subscriptions and sold some of his original paintings in New Bedford and perhaps figured he had worked the field for all the "pay dirt" possible.

Our "Mr. Grosbeak" Passes On

BY JOHN H. ROSS

In the spring of 1928 some small boys found a fledgling male Rose-breasted Grosbeak fallen from its nest in Newton, Massachusetts. Not able to care for the bird themselves, the boys wisely took it to the well-known naturalist Charles J. Maynard, who introduced the bird to my grandfather, Herbert Parker, of South Lancaster. For many years "Mr. Grosbeak," as we called him, or just "the Bird," lived in the Parker sun parlor, where he was very much a member of the family.

Often on wintry days we visiting grandchildren would race impatiently through breakfast, for the winner was rewarded with the honor of serving Mr. Grosbeak his breakfast. Under the kindly eye of my grandfather, one of us jealously carried a bit of buttered scone and egg to the cage where, unless one was very careful, a young finger was bitten by a bill annoyed that breakfast had been so long delayed. Many delightful hours we passed before a blazing fire, listening to the exploits and wisdom of Mowgli, Kaa, Rikkitikki and the others, as my grandfather read Kipling to us. Mr. Grosbeak

often voiced occidental comment on the strange ways and customs of his oriental relatives. When out of his cage during these sessions he would flit to a convenient shoulder to express approval or dissent by biting a cheek or ear, or to the book itself to assure that my grandfather read aright. His two escapes and returns bear louder witness to the affinity between foster parent and child than anything I could write here.

After Mr. Parker's death, "the Bird" came to live with us in Cambridge at 24 Craigie Street and at Smith's Point, Manchester, Massachusetts. His cage was in our dining room plant window during the winter, from which vantage point he often surprised guests by taking a bath during our meals and showering them with water, or, if the season were right, delighted them with his song.

Like his wilder brothers and sisters, Mr. Grosbeak migrated each spring and fall, but, unlike them, the distance was covered in an automobile and was only forty miles. The Bird did not really approve of Manchester, because his life in our sun parlor there was more sedentary than near the dining room table in Cambridge. But other birds visited him in the summer, some standing on the tiled piazza floor for a quick chat, some sitting on the edge of a large vase like warriors, statesmen, and ladies who of old sat on the edge of the Cave at Delphi to listen to wise words.

Domesticity had its effect. Mr. Grosbeak regarded cats with complete disdain. He strutted his stuff and sang his songs best when a large cat sat outside the window licking its chops. But the Bird never lost his basic instincts, those things learned through the bitter experience of many generations. Two years ago, after he had lived with us nearly twenty years, this fact was forcibly impressed upon us.

We were sitting in the parlor during the early part of a spring evening. The conversation had been carried on against background music, the eager calls of a family of young Robins nested in the brickwork outside. The windows had been closed against an impending storm, but we could hear the young Robins' calls increase as their mother drew near. Suddenly all natural sound stopped. The Bird, in his protecting cage, dropped to the sanded floor, cowering and uttering an unmistakable call of fear. We looked out of the window in time to see a hawk's shadowy wings dip down. Soon the danger had passed and the Bird resumed his perch. Feathers on the lawn and disturbed plumage on her back proved that Mrs. Robin had been cruelly struck by the hawk. But immediate rejoicing in the bird world evidenced her escape. The Grosbeak's cheerful note was among the loudest of the celebrants.

Mr. Grosbeak's diet became more varied as he reached middle age. Breakfast egg and biscuit were a matter of course, and if not properly served the forgetful member of the family was subjected to severe "birdal" censure. Black ants and apple seeds were always welcome. Plums from a toasted bun or a bit of raisin toast, as well as other fruit, were quite acceptable. Each spring strawberries were eagerly sought until cherries appeared, when the lowly strawberry was completely eclipsed.

We thought his song would lose something of its brilliance during the Bird's later years, but last year his song, like his costume, was at its finest. A certain mature mellowness replaced youth's unbridled and reckless flights of unpremeditated song. It has been said that slight changes in the notes might be due to the rarity of opportunity to compare his voice with that of other grosbeaks, or perhaps due to listening to the usually well-modulated conversation of his human cousins.

This fall it became apparent that Mr. Grosbeak was an old man, as well in appearance as in years. His feet preferred the soft sandy bottom of his cage to the hard cross-perches, and his head became increasingly gray at the temples; his demeanor became contemplative and grave. Sometimes, despite the careful ministrations of my mother, he appeared to be looking for Mr. Parker. Perhaps in fantasy, it seemed as if one could hear the same call with which in earlier years the Bird had conversed with his foster father. He had lived his time and, having nearly reached the *almost unbelievable age* (for a small songbird) of *twenty-three years*, he one morning quietly passed on to join Mr. Parker and St. Francis in their "mansions in the purity of air."

From The Editors' Sanctum

Does the world move ahead? Is it better today than in "the good old days"?

Mrs. Viola Richards of South Deerfield recently sent us a clipping which shows the results of what was considered a "sporting" event a century ago.

"100 Years Ago. Great Hunt. — The sportsmen of Northampton had a great hunting match, 50 on a side and lasted a week. They killed five foxes, 555 grey squirrels, 3151 red do., 2442 striped do., 728 woodpeckers, six flying squirrels, 38 raccoons, 35 crows, 23 hawks, two larks, 32 owls, 529 bluejays, three weasels, 180 partridges, 69 muskrats, one woodchuck, 68 rabbits, 38 pigeons, two ducks, and a woodcock."

A total of 7,888 game and non-game animals, to make a gladiators' holiday!

Such a slaughter, though common enough in those days, would be unthinkable in the Northampton of today, for the entire region is keenly awake to the need for intelligent conservation of our natural resources, whether it be the protection of our wildlife, the purification of our waters, or the prevention of soil erosion. The sportsmen of today are organized to protect and propagate game birds, mammals, and fish, and are aware of the necessity and importance of bag limits, closed seasons, and the other parts of a program of intelligent game management. Public opinion is fast ostracizing the game hog; "pigeon shoots," jack-lighting, baiting, and spring shooting are all alike taboo, vermin hunts and bounties are almost a thing of the past, and the once dreaded and despised "game warden" is now the welcome and respected "game protector."

Even more important, in our estimation, is the educational work being carried on in the schools of Northampton (as also indeed throughout much of the Commonwealth), through the co-operation of the local school department and the Massachusetts Audubon Society, which brings to the school children at their most formative age, the advantages of our courses in Natural Science and Conservation. And at near-by Arcadia Wildlife Sanctuary, modern methods of game and non-game management and the conservation of our natural resources are given visual demonstration, with the active assistance and financial aid of the Pomona Grange of the district, the Kiwanis Club of Northampton, and many other forward-looking groups and individuals.

Fall Meeting of Northeastern Bird-Banding Association

The fall field meeting of the Northeastern Bird-Banding Association will be held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. Alexander Bergstrom, 37 Old Brook Road, West Hartford, Connecticut, on Sunday, September 21, starting at 10:00 A. M. In addition to a back yard banding station with recent plantings for birds, the Bergstroms hope to have an extensive display of banding traps (additional exhibits will be welcome). A number of members of the Eastern Bird-Banding Association attended the last Connecticut field meeting (at Berlin in 1950) and it is hoped for more this year, as West Hartford is easily reached over good highways from either Boston or New York. From Boston, take the Wilbur Cross Highway (Route 15), turn right on U. S. 44 in Manchester, diagonally left off U. S. 44 in West Hartford (at the intersection of Mountain Road, with overhead blinker, a mile west of the intersection of U. S. 44 and Route 185) on Old Oak Road, left on Old Brook Road in a tenth of a mile, go another tenth of a mile. From New York, take the Merritt and Wilbur Cross Parkways (Route 15), turn left on Route 173 in Newington, left on Asylum Avenue in West Hartford ("T" intersection), right at first traffic light (onto Route 185), left at next light (onto U. S. 44). All those interested in banding are welcome.

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CHARLES E. MOHR is director of the Audubon Nature Center at Greenwich, Connecticut, where sessions are held each summer for adults interested in nature and conservation. A leading educator in the nature field, he is past president of the American Nature Study Society and president of the National Speleological Society. His articles and wildlife photographs have appeared in a number of national magazines.



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Florida Bird Songs

Recently issued by the Comstock Publishing Associates, Ithaca, New York, is a new vinylite record, *Florida Bird Songs*, produced by Dr. Paul Kellogg and Dr. Arthur Allen for the Albert R. Brand Bird Song Foundation, Laboratory of Ornithology, Cornell University. The price is \$2.50. Those who have enjoyed and studied the bird song records previously produced by Drs. Kellogg and Allen will be delighted with this addition of ten birds of Florida, which includes such abundant species as Mockingbird, Cardinal, Florida Wren, Blue Jay, Boat-tailed Grackle, and the less-well-known Florida Crane, Barred Owl, Chuck-will's-widow, and Limpkin.

Also included are the drumming and call notes of adult and young Ivory-billed Woodpeckers. Now that this species has almost disappeared from the American scene, it is most desirable to have records of its voice widely distributed for the many who probably never will see the bird.

The calls of the Barred Owl were taken by Jerry and Norma Stillwell, who have done some fine work with bird records in Arkansas.

We approve thoroughly of the policy of making single records available at a reasonable cost. It is hoped that similar single records may be worked out for other sections of the country, including New England, since inquiries received by the Massachusetts Audubon Society indicate great interest in the songs of thrushes, vireos, warblers, and other birds common to the Northeast.

C. RUSSELL MASON

Attention, Bird-watchers

Do you know the best places in Massachusetts to find special birds and bird habitats? Do you know when and where to look for rare or seasonal visitors? If not, you need some of our publications listed below. And a subscription to the *Records of New England Birds* (\$2.00 per annum) will tell you about all the interesting birds which have been seen in the region in recent years.

- NOTES ON THE BIRDS OF GROTON**, by Austen Fox Riggs II. 50 pages, 2 maps, 10 graphs, 7 photos 50 cents
- A GUIDE TO BIRD-WATCHING IN MASSACHUSETTS**. By John B. May. 28 pages, 6 maps 25 cents
- BERKSHIRE BIRDS**. By Bartlett Hendricks. 60 pages, 6 maps, 15 drawings by Robert F. Seibert 60 cents
- PLEASANT VALLEY SANCTUARY**. 24 pages, 12 halftones, 2 maps. Includes a Check-List of birds of Berkshire County 10 cents
- ARCADIA WILDLIFE SANCTUARY**. 16 pages, map, halftones and drawings 15 cents

The following reprints of BULLETIN articles are available at 5 cents each: *A Wildlife Sanctuary for Everyone*; *Provide Your Birds a Nesting Place*; *Whose Track is That?*; *Massachusetts Alcids*; *Massachusetts Rails*; *White-winged Gulls*; *Birds are Found Round the World* — *On Postage Stamps*; *John James Audubon*, *Pioneer Bird Artist and Conservationist*. And a free guide to our reservations, *Massachusetts Audubon Sanctuaries, Where They Are, and What*, will be mailed to any interested persons.



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BOOKS — — BOOKS — — BOOKS**Reviews of Recent Acquisitions**

NATIVE ORCHIDS OF NORTH AMERICA, NORTH OF MEXICO. By Donovan Stewart Correll. Cultural Notes by Edgar T. Wherry and John V. Watkins. Illustrations by Blanche Ames Ames and Gordon W. Dillon. Chronica Botanica Company, Waltham, Mass. 1950. xvi, 400 pages, 146 plates. \$7.50.

My interest in the orchids of North America goes back more than half a century to the days when the lovely pink moccasin was a common flower in the Newton woods where today the houses rub elbows and hardly a dandelion can persist. Henry Baldwin enticed me with his *Orchids of New England*; William Hamilton Gibson unfolded before me the secrets of the flowers and their wonderful mechanisms to insure cross-fertilization by insect visitors; Grace Greylock Niles introduced me to *Bog-Trotting for Orchids* in the Berkshires, and Morris and Eames led me farther afield in my quest of the humble terrestrial blooms of these intriguing plants; but the coralroot and the twayblade in the cool woods on the side of Mt. Rainier and the single yellow, purple-spotted blossom of the air plant I found at Royal Palm Hammock in Florida long remained unknown for want of a proper book with which to identify them. Here at last, in one meaty volume, are the answers to many of my questions about the Orchidaceae that have occurred and recurred throughout the years, interestingly told and with scientific accuracy.

Every species of orchid found north of Mexico is described and pictured in this excellent work, which is valuable for the scientist and the flower-lover alike. After the scientific name and its important synonyms, common names are listed, and the plant is described in detail. Then follow a few terse paragraphs on the habits and habitat of the plant, its distribution, and cultural notes by Wherry or Watkins. The fine plates (in black and white), often with enlarged drawings of plant details, are principally the work of Mrs. Ames and Mr. Dillon, with three plates by E. W. Smith and one by the late Professor Oakes Ames, the great authority on this most interesting family of plants.

In his foreword to this book Charles Schweinfurth, of the Botanic Museum of

Harvard University, writes that "To be a specialist in a difficult family of plants as well as an experienced and successful collector of that group is a fortunate and rather rare combination. And it is even rarer for that scientist to be able, in committing his thoughts to the written page, to reconcile the scientific and popular elements — in other words to produce a scientifically satisfying treatise which has a wide appeal and utility to the average naturalist. Such a task has been achieved by Dr. Correll in the present work."

JOHN B. MAY

LIFE HISTORIES OF NORTH AMERICAN WILD FOWL. By Arthur Cleveland Bent. Dover Publications, Inc., New York. 1951. In two volumes: Vol. I, 264 pages, 86 illustrations; Vol. II, 328 pages, 96 illustrations. \$8.00 the set.

These two volumes form another of the series of reprints of Mr. Bent's authoritative *Life Histories*, and the Dover Publications plan to publish the later volumes of the series within a very short time. These were originally published by the Smithsonian Institution as *Bulletins of the United States National Museum*, and the present volumes were Numbers 126 and 130 of this series.

Mr. Bent's great undertaking is too well known to need praise from me. Suffice it to say that Mr. Bent has drawn upon his own wide knowledge of the birds of North America and has written about them in his own inimitable manner; his multitude of personal friends, famous ornithologists and amateurs alike, have contributed gladly their material; and he has been enabled to draw freely from the literature of ornithology in compiling this series of outstanding volumes. The publishers quote Dr. John T. Zimmer as calling Mr. Bent's work "an outstanding contribution to the study of birds — unequalled for its completeness." With this I am heartily in accord.

Mr. Bent recently told me that several additional volumes of the Smithsonian series are in completed manuscript form and that one of them will appear very shortly from the press. He is now working on the last group of birds to be included, the Sparrow-Finch Family, which is so

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numerous, however, that several volumes will be required to cover the material at hand.

Arthur Cleveland Bent and his many collaborators are to be congratulated on their tremendous contribution to our knowledge of the avifauna of North America, and the completion of this great work in the near future is looked forward to most eagerly.

JOHN B. MAY

CRIP, COME HOME. By Ruth Thomas. Harper & Brothers, New York. 1952. 175 pages. \$2.50.

This little volume is heartily recommended for the interest-holding way in which it tells the true story of a wild bird throughout the nearly ten years of its recorded existence. Here is no nature faking, no humanizing of the bird's actions and reactions, neither is it a dry tabulation of "behavior" details, but rather keen and sympathetic observations by one who developed a deep and abiding love for her avian neighbor.

One April day in 1937, Mrs. Thomas banded at her home in Arkansas an adult Brown Thrasher and six days later its mate of that and the next two seasons, the first of many Thrashers to be banded and observed by the author. In 1940 this first Thrasher suffered a badly broken wing, which eventually healed but in a distorted position. In spite of this handicap (which, however, served excellently for field identification) the bird survived until 1946. It is the story of this bird, of its matings, its successes and failures as a parent, and the vicissitudes of its year-round existence that Mrs. Thomas describes so graphically and so feelingly. Few wild birds have ever had so careful and understanding a biographer.

JOHN B. MAY



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Reviews (Continued)

THE BIRDS OF THE DRY TORTUGAS. By Alexander Sprunt, Jr. Reprinted from the *Florida Naturalist* by the Florida Audubon Society. 1951. 28 pages. 50 cents.

The Florida Audubon Society is to be commended for bringing out in reprint form material published in recent issues of the *Florida Naturalist* relating to the birds of the Dry Tortugas keys. Our friend Alexander Sprunt, Jr., has done a good job in looking up earlier literature on the subject and has added records of his own secured during the last ten years. The resulting annotated list gives a good picture of the bird life of that interesting region.

The reviewer had occasion several times to participate in expeditions of the Florida Audubon Society to the Tortugas to study the birds there and to do a considerable amount of banding of the Sooty and Roseate Terns and the Noddy, in addition to a few Man-o'-Wars and Boobies. The list is therefore read with a great deal of interest, and it is hoped that Mr. Sprunt's objective of filling in missing gaps of the bird life of that region will be encouraged through further studies.

Perhaps the Florida Audubon Society may resume its interesting June trips to that area. Most needed, however, are records made during the fall and spring migrations, as these seasons have not been thoroughly covered.

C. RUSSELL MASON

NESTBOXES. By Edwin Cohen and Bruce Campbell. British Trust for Ornithology, Field Guide Number Three. 1952. 32 pages, 22 figures. 2s. 6d.

Our British cousins have brought together in booklet form drawings and descriptions of the nesting devices which have proved of value in the British Isles. In several instances the designs incorporate devices which make it easy and safe to study the nesting activities of the occupants. In some cases the "ringing," or banding, of nestlings is in mind. In others construction was so organized that observations of egg laying and the feeding and growth of nestlings could be carried on easily and without interfering with their successful operation. Here, certainly, is a branch of bird study sadly neglected on this side of the Atlantic and one capable of giving many hours of pleasure, in most cases without leaving the immediate vicinity of the observer's home.

Due to the fact that woodland birds of North America capable of excavating their own nesting cavities usually find suitable

sites without too much difficulty, we here have not put as much emphasis on providing artificial nesting sites for this group of birds, but we have placed our emphasis on such borderland birds as Bluebirds, Tree Swallows, and House Wrens. In Europe the woodlands are often even-age stands, or plantations, and are not as extensive as our American woodlands, and deadwood is usually kept well cleaned out, so many of the nesting boxes described in this guide are for woodland species, and, contrary to the advice usually given here, they are to be erected on trees within the woodlands. We could profit most, perhaps, by trying out such designs as those given for the Barn Owl and the Tawny Owl. Our Screech Owl often nests in Wood Duck boxes, but a very simple device recommended for the Tawny Owl might be preferred. The artificial nest for the House Martin is also worthy of experimentation as an aid in attracting Cliff Swallows. Perhaps, too, Brown Creepers would be seen in increasing numbers if more nest sites like the one illustrated in the guide found their way into our woodlands.

If you like to have birds around (and who does not?) and if you are handy with hammer and saw, this booklet will give you many hours of satisfaction.

EDWIN A. MASON

THIS FASCINATING ANIMAL WORLD. By Alan Devoe. McGraw-Hill Book Company, New York. 1951. x, 303 pages. \$3.75.

"When I was a boy, fascinated then as now by our fellow creatures, the animals, I used to be full of questions about them. . . . I was disheartened to find that the answers to a great many of my most urgent questions never seemed to be discoverable." How many of us have had the same discouraging experience of asking questions which were unanswerable by any authority at hand!

Not only was Alan Devoe full of questions himself as a boy, but in his later years he has been asked literally thousands of questions about the animal world around us, and it is his endeavor in this book to answer, clearly though briefly, a selected one thousand of these ever-recurring interrogations. And he has succeeded well in supplying a very great amount of information on many little-known subjects. Probably the book contains a few errors or misleading answers, but only Argus himself could pick them out from so many enlightening statements.

JOHN B. MAY

From Our Correspondence

An Eccentric Brown Creeper

"The trip to the coast of our ornithology class from the University of Massachusetts was a huge success. I had three 'life records,' Gannet, Black Guillemot, and Ipswich Sparrow. To one whose trips to the seashore have been limited to two in the past three years, these birds were exciting ones.

"The Ipswich River Sanctuary proved to be an ideal place for us to stay. The two girls on the trip roomed at the main house and seven of us fellows stayed in the cottage. Director Foye was most pleasant and co-operative and we perhaps helped out a bit by adding five new birds to this year's sanctuary list.

"A very interesting thing occurred as we were heading toward Plum Island.... We were watching some Lapland Longspurs on the ground when someone noticed a movement on a tree by the side of the road. It proved to be a Brown Creeper. Several of us were within ten feet of the tree but the bird appeared to ignore us, so we edged up closer until it moved a bit higher in the tree. Then one of the boys climbed up onto the first limb and stretched out his hand until it was within a foot of the Creeper. Later... it flew down and landed on the pant-leg of one of the boys, Don Kallgren. A merry chase ensued in an attempt to catch the Creeper in our hats but the bird always took off just as the cap was about to be slipped over it. The bird appeared to be in good condition; its eyes were bright, and the only evidence of something wrong was a slightly ruffled appearance of the feathers on the lower back region. Its flight appeared to be normal. Such an experience with a bird not too commonly seen at close range here will be an event long remembered by those of us fortunate enough to have seen it."

Amherst, Mass. Lawrence Bartlett

A Hummer's Nest

"Last summer a Ruby-throated Hummingbird built its nest near the tip of a low branch of a huge elm about ten feet from our screened porch where we had a fine chance to watch it.... We saw the bird the day it hatched out and it looked very much like a black jelly bean and lay on its side with the only sign of life a throbbing of the body. (One egg did not hatch.) We would watch until the mother bird left the nest and then we would look in. It was not until the day before it left the nest that it was upright with its bill extended out over the edge of the nest.

The day after this we had a wind storm with heavy rain and I expected the next morning to find the bird and unhatched egg on the lawn below the nest but no such thing happened — it was nowhere to be found. We never at any time saw the male bird."

A Warbler Eats Lime Pie!

"There is a male Black-throated Blue Warbler that insists on living with us. He scolds me if I am late getting up because he can't get in the house. He loves lime pie and sugar. Whenever I bake a pie he is overcome with joy, jumps up and down just like a spoiled child. I have to put them in a cupboard or he ruins them. We've completely given one sugar bowl over to him, for he loves sugar. I can move his yellow sugar bowl all around the kitchen and he goes right to it. He will come to within two feet of me as I work in the kitchen and is only frightened if I am quiet or if I move too quickly. He seems to like noise and people. My toaster fascinates him. He can spend hours at a time hopping around it looking at himself (he thinks it is another bird).

"His favorite stunt is enticing other birds into the house. They get in the screened porch and I have an awful time getting them out. I generally make him lead them out. One day I came home and found a Ground Dove, a Red-legged Thrush and a Palm Warbler trying frantically to get out, and there was "Mr. Blue" as big as life flitting in and out the open screen door but the others were so frightened they weren't paying any attention as to how he got in or out."

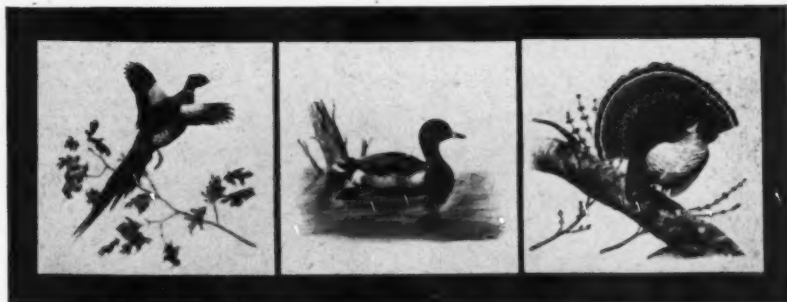
Cienfuegos, Cuba. Mrs. Rhea Smith

Cowbirds A-Courting

"You have probably seen the courting dance of the brown-headed Cowbird many times. At 7:30 A. M. on April 9th six of these birds were under a feeding board across the driveway.... One male had apparently selected a mate; another also courted her occasionally but danced less frequently and without observable discrimination. They began their dance by lowering the head, hunching the shoulders or raising the nape feathers, while spreading the wings and tail feathers; then they took two, sometimes three, dancing hops, and almost toppled toward the head of the female. Suddenly all looked skyward and appeared to listen, motionless. It was fully two minutes before I saw a flock of fifteen other black birds cross the southern sky to a tall roadside tree; our birds rose to them, then all flew west."

Stow, Mass. Mrs. Edna Hald.

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BIRD TILES—New Series of Bird Tiles in Color, 6 x 6..... \$2.50

Bob-white, Pheasant, Ruffed Grouse, Woodcock, Snipe, Canada Goose, Mallard, Black Duck, Baldpate, Pintail, Blue-winged Teal, Green-winged Teal, Redhead, Golden-eye, Scaup, Bufflehead, Mourning Dove, White-crowned Sparrow, Song Sparrow, Blue Jay.

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Cardinal, Oriole.

Boxed.

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These two volumes of full-size records of actual bird songs were recorded by the Albert R. Brand Bird Song Foundation, Cornell University.

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Each unbreakable vinylite record contains the songs of 12 birds, 6 on each side.

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10-inch double vinylite record: Mockingbird, Cardinal, Florida Wren, Blue Jay, Boat-tailed Grackle, Ivory-billed Woodpecker, Sandhill Crane, Barred Owl, Chuck-will's-widow \$ 2.50

These records will play on 78 R.P.M. Machines

No Discount on Records

Field Notes

There has been quite a flight of SUMMER TANAGERS this spring. Sebasco, Maine, April 7; Peabody, April 13; Tiverton, R. I., April 15; Edgartown, April 20; Scituate, April 24; and several others in May.

A new bird was added to the Newton Highlands list on May 17 when Tom Brewer noticed a WORM-EATING WARBLER on his home grounds on Walnut Street. While he and his mother watched the bird, his brother Jeff helped to identify it, and the observation was further confirmed when a telephone call to Mrs. C. Russell Mason brought her quickly to the scene.

A GLOSSY IBIS was seen at Heard's Pond, Wayland, on April 23 by Allen Morgan, William H. Drury, Jr., and Richard Stackpole. The bird was feeding at the edge of the pond near the Erwin Farm, and many observers were fortunate in seeing it there through May 2.

Miss Emily Goode, Audubon teacher at Nantucket, reports seeing a SNOWY EGRET at Pocomo (Nantucket) early in the morning of April 16. She was informed by Clinton Andrews, a resident of Nantucket, that the bird had been around for about two weeks. Another Snowy Egret was found in the Squantum area on April 27 by the South Shore Bird Club. Two days later a second bird was seen with the first bird by Miss Jane O'Regan, and both individuals remained there through May 3.

Mrs. Neal Bogren, of Waltham, called to report an early YELLOW WARBLER in her garden on April 25. Two RED-EYED TOWHEES arrived there on April 24, and on April 25 a male and a female Evening Grosbeak were still at her feeder.

A pair of MOCKINGBIRDS was seen in Danvers on Easter Sunday morning, April 13, by Mrs. Wentworth Billings. She saw the birds twice that day and heard one singing later, on April 17. The white wing-patches when the bird was in flight first caught her attention. Mrs. William Davis, of West Peabody, reports a Mockingbird singing beautifully around her home on April 24.

The Brookline Bird Club on its week-end trip to Newburyport and vicinity on April 19, saw a wonderful display of HOLBOELL'S and HORNED GREBES in breeding plumage at Plum Island, a drake SHOVELLER in Newbury, a GOLDEN PLOVER (also in breeding plumage), a BARN SWALLOW, and at least twenty YELLOW PALM WARBLERS.

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Single Cup with wire bracket \$1.00

Double Cups on flower stakes .. 2.00

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"Attract-O" four small cups .. 1.25

Field Notes

John Fernald, of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, reports the departure of the wintering YELLOW-BREASTED CHAT in April. He writes: "On April 17 he came several times between 5:00 and 7:30 A. M. for his banana and peanut butter . . . guess he went to look for a mate, for he was all dressed up in new plumage, was brighter with a yellow tinge all over and his white spectacles and whisker marks were very much more noticeable."

An adult SAW-WHET OWL with an injured wing was picked up in Cohasset on May 18 by Eugene Loppes, who brought it to Dr. May, and it has been sent to Moose Hill in the hope that it will recover.

Miss Marion L. Smith wrote from Burlington, Vermont, on April 15: "Was thrilled a few days ago to look out on the well-budded crab apple tree and see a BALTIMORE ORIOLE and an EVENING GROSBEAK sitting almost side by side — certainly not more than three feet apart."

We had the following interesting note from Henry V. Greenough, of Carlisle, on May 19: "On Saturday last I inspected my ten Wood Duck boxes for the first time. Found eight of them occupied and birds on them all. One box had the top blown off and was not occupied. In my apartment house, where I put out four boxes together, I found one full of down but no eggs had been laid, and the other three apartments were vacant. I have not inspected the boxes to find out as yet how many eggs are in each box, because in half of the instances the bird would refuse to get off the nest when I opened up the box. However, it looked as though they had gotten off to a good start."

A male BLUE GROSBEAK in full plumage appeared at the feeding station at Mrs. Eric Boland's house in South Duxbury the week of April 28 and stayed around for several days.

An OLIVE-SIDED FLYCATCHER was seen and heard singing in Weston on May 17 by Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Smith.

A NORTHERN YELLOW-THROAT picked up in an exhausted condition near Audubon House on May 20 was brought to us by a passer-by. The bird soon revived and was released later in the day in the Boston Public Garden.

Richard J. Eaton reports a LEAST BITTERN at the Great Meadows Refuge in Concord on April 27.

A BLUE-GRAY GNATCATCHER was seen in Marblehead on April 26 by Mrs. David Searle.

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Summer Birds No. 1,	22 species
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One dozen sets, your selection, \$30.00

10% discount to members of M.A.S.

Field Notes

One of our members, Mrs. Frederic W. Fitts, of Swansea, writes of the number of birds coming to her feeding station and the amount of food which they consume. She says she sometimes wonders why the birds do not lay peanuts instead of eggs because they eat so much peanut butter.

Adelbert Temple, of Hopkinton, records a nest of the CANADA GOOSE at Whitehall Lake with five (or more) eggs in it. Mr. Temple says it is the first such occurrence in the eighty-three years he has lived near the lake.

Miss Francis Ames Barton reports a WHITE-CROWNED SPARROW singing in her yard at Salem on May 10.

Three banded INDIGO BUNTINGS were seen in Osterville on April 15 and 16 by Daniel P. Johnson. They returned on April 19. Mrs. James Gamble reports an INDIGO BUNTING in Brookline on April 27.

A pair of KILLDEERS are nesting in the rough close by the first fairway at Bellevue Golf Club in Melrose, according to Mrs. Hiram A. Lerner. "The female," Mrs. Lerner writes, "is sitting on an unlined nest on bare ground which holds four eggs. The male hovers close by. The nest has been marked so that it will not be walked on."

An immature male RED-HEADED WOODPECKER which was seen in Duxbury around the home of Paul Whitman in March was still around on May 7, but the bird now has the plumage of an adult.

A female CARDINAL was seen in Hardwick on May 3 by Mrs. J. F. Nields, Jr.

PURPLE MARTINS have been reported from Carver, on April 26, by Mr. and Mrs. Adrian P. Whiting; from Rock on April 30, by Mrs. Lawrence B. Romaine and Joseph Kenneally; and from Scituate Beach, on May 5, by Dr. John B. May.

Mrs. Fred Foster, of Worcester, heard two WHIP-POOR-WILLS calling on May 5.

A WHITE-EYED VIREO was seen in Mt. Auburn Cemetery, Cambridge, on April 27, by Charles Crain and by Dr. Winsor M. Tyler and his son. One or the same bird was again seen there on May 3 and 4 by many observers.

A BLUE GOOSE was seen by Henry Lewis in Andover, in back of the academy, the latter part of April.

Mrs. J. Herbert Lawson, of Weston, reports seeing two RED CROSSBILLS in the Middlesex Fells on April 16. The birds came down from the trees and drank from a small puddle in the road.

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5 lbs.	10 lbs.	25 lbs.	50 lbs.	100 lbs.
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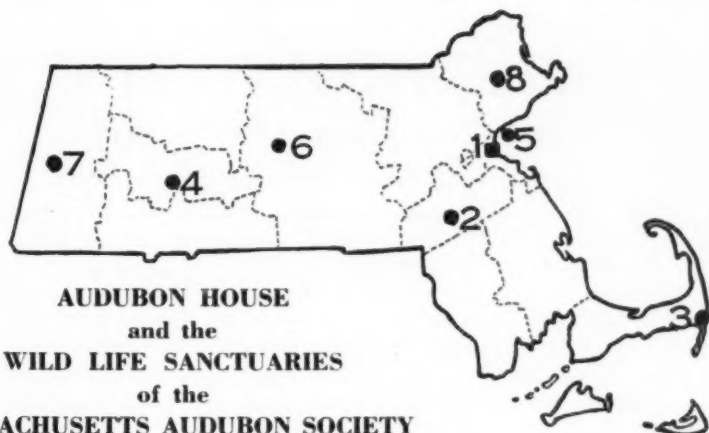
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Headquarters building. Offices. Salesroom. General information on educational work, lectures, membership, etc. Reference and lending libraries.
2. **Moose Hill Wildlife Sanctuary, Sharon.**
Established 1916. About 25 miles from Boston near Providence Pike. 250 acres mixed woodland. Small pond. Museum. Nature Trails. Albert W. Bussewitz, Resident Director. Advisory Committee: Mrs. John S. Farlow, Jr., Chairman.
3. **Tern Island Wildlife Sanctuary, Chatham.**
Established 1936. 10 acres sand and beach grass. Large colony of nesting terns. Management, O. L. Austin Ornithological Research Station, North Eastham.
4. **Arcadia Wildlife Sanctuary, Northampton.**
Established 1944. 300 acres meadow, marsh, and woodland. Nature Trails. Memorial and experimental plantings. Studio workshop. Edwin A. Mason, Resident Director. Advisory Committee: David A. Riedel, Chairman.
5. **Nahant Thicket Wildlife Sanctuary, Nahant.**
Established 1948. 4 acres. On Atlantic Flyway. Hordes of migrating land birds in spring and fall. Trails. Advisory Committee: James T. Kelly, Chairman.
6. **Cook's Canyon Wildlife Sanctuary, Barre.**
Established 1948. 35 acres. Coniferous plantation. Small pond. Rocky gorge. Interesting trails. Site of Natural Science Workshop for leaders and resident and day camps for boys and girls. Leon A. P. Magee, Resident Director. Advisory Committee: Mrs. James F. Nields, Jr., Chairman.
7. **Pleasant Valley Wildlife Sanctuary, Lenox.**
A "Bird and Wild Flower" Sanctuary since 1929. A square mile of typical Berkshire woodland and stream valley. Nature Trails. Trailside Museum. Beaver pond. Barn Tearoom in summer. Alvah W. Sanborn, Resident Director. Advisory Committee: Robert Crane, Chairman.
8. **Ipswich River Wildlife Sanctuary, Topsfield, Wenham and Hamilton.**
Established 1951. 2000 acres. On Ipswich River. Extensive marshland with islands. Great variety introduced trees and shrubs. Elmer P. Foye, Resident Director. Advisory Committee: Ralph Lawson, Chairman.

*Further information about any of the above sanctuaries may be obtained from
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CARRYING ON THIS MOST IMPORTANT WORK OF
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